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THE END OF THE SEASON.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 383.]

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ORDER AND LIBERTY.

THE most interesting fact in the story of the late labor demonstration on May-day in Europe was the provision of M. CONSTANS, the Minister of the Interior in France. It is so long since any French public man has shown commanding ability that the complete comprehension of the situation shown by M. CONSTANS and his ample preparation are very reassuring, and must bring him into great prominence. All that he did, indeed, was to take adequate measures to keep the peace. But, not to say that in France to keep the peace under circumstances of such high popular excitement and revolutionary menace is a great service, the insight and quiet courage of the minister were admirable. M. CONSTANS is a republican minister, but he is not therefore a demagogue. He knows that a mob is not the people, and that liberty depends upon civic order. He knows, moreover, that such public demonstrations as those of May-day, however innocent in intention and peacefully to be carried out, are for that reason seized by the criminal and disorderly classes as covers of their designs. Suffering and actual injustice in a society whose government offers peaceful remedies are not excuses for violence and revolution. In western Europe, as in America, anarchists of every degree are merely pests. The disposition to permit sympathy for suffering to extenuate disorder is fatal to the common welfare.

This is a truth which is often forgotten, but which M. CONSTANS clearly perceives. Mr. SMALLEY, in his weekly letter which included May-day, quotes the minister's remark in an interview which has arrested the attention of Europe: "Repression of disorder is an act of government. A proper government is one in which all wills converge, in which social defence is the work of all." He discriminated justly between honest working-men—who are, of course, the great majority, because otherwise civilized society would end—and scoundrels. "If the threatened demonstrations," said the minister, "were the work of artisans, I might doubt; but they are not. The contrivers of these intended riots are men ready to fling real artisans under the hoofs of the horse of the first sham Cæsar who starts up." This is the voice of real republicanism, which is by no means always, or even often, heard in France. Again he said: "Such a demonstration as they [anarchists and demagogues] propose, if not dangerous, would be barren. To decree social equality is to decree universal starvation. What France wants is to equalize burdens." He arrested those who were planning crimes, and he proposes to send out of the country those who are devoted to such planning.

Such measures as the last may be readily abused. But so may be all the rights of liberty. A man who is plotting to use his liberty to destroy that of another man is an offender not against that man only, but against the fundamental condition of free society. This is a truth which strikers are very apt not only to forget, but to deny. When they proceed to its practical denial by assailing others, the instinct of civilization is instantly arrayed against them. The alleged wrongs of a class are as nothing to the foul wrong attempted by such denial upon the whole people and every individual. This is a truth which is as old as social thought, but it needs especial and continued emphasis when political power belongs to the whole community; and it is a sign of great progress when it is emphasized in France, the most excitable of communities.

DEFEAT OF THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

WE share the regret at the defeat of the international copyright bill in the House of Representatives. Although some of the opposition to the bill was equivalent to an assertion that there can be no property in literary works, the decisive argument undoubtedly was that the measure proposed would "make reading dearer." But even if that were the certain result of fair dealing, would the plea have any moral validity? Which is the more important for this country, that our reading shall be cheap, or not only legally but fairly procured? Why, it was asked, should a copyright be given to foreign authors? But why should a copyright be given to any author? The Constitution answers "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts," and it does not limit the grant to American authors. To say that the Constitution does not recognize property in a literary work is not an answer to the claim of copyright. Whatever may be the right of property, the Constitution assumes that the progress of science and the useful arts ought to be promoted for the national benefit, and that copyright promotes it.

How, then, does copyright to the foreign author upon equitable conditions benefit this country? In the first place, by satisfying the sense of justice, a moral and national consideration of the highest importance. The feeling that an author has a certain property in his work is instinctive in every enlightened mind, and the consciousness of an intelligent people that the author is the only man by whose labor and work it benefits without paying for them is necessarily demoralizing. A tariff is unjust and demoralizing when it takes a man's money in the form of a tax for which he receives no equivalent. But it is as unjust to take the production of the foreign author's genius, time, and labor without any compensation whatever. It is no answer to say that he is adequately paid for them at home, because if they are useful here, if they promote science and the useful arts, the Constitution authorizes fair compensation, and a true sense of equity and national honor would avail itself of the authority.

But there is another way in which copyright to the foreign author is beneficial to this country. Its refusal tends to flood the country with foreign literature. Upon this point Dr. CHANNING said with great force and authority more than seventy years ago:

> "A people into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually needs an energy within itself to resist, to modify this mighty influence, and without it will inevitably sink under the worst bondage—will become intellectually tamed and enslaved. We have certainly no desire to complete our restrictive system by adding to it a literary non-intercourse law. We rejoice in the increasing literary connection between this country and the Old World. But sooner would we rupture it than see our country sitting passively at the feet of foreign teachers. It were better to have no literature than form ourselves unresistingly on a foreign one. The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its mind, its mode of thinking, its tastes, its principles, and we cannot consent to lodge this sovereignty in the hands of strangers.... Let others spin and weave for us, but let them not think for us.... We need a literature to counteract and to use wisely the literature which we import.... Shall America be only an echo of what is thought and written under the aristocracies beyond the ocean?"

The vote of 126 to 98 was probably decisive enough to settle the question for the present. But it is not one to be permanently set aside. The demand for the measure both on grounds of justice and policy was never so united and strong as it is now, and its present effort, if it be unsuccessful, will not be lost.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

THE great surprise of the session of the New York Legislature which has just ended was the passage in the Assembly of the bill abolishing capital punishment in the State by a vote of 74 to 30. There were 41 Republicans and 33 Democrats in the majority, and 17 Republicans and 13 Democrats in the minority, showing that there was no party division. Nor was there any debate of importance, a fact which is very curious, because so radical a change in the penal policy of the State, and a change upon which such pronounced difference of opinion is known to exist, would be naturally the result only of prolonged and earnest discussion. The universal impression that this would be and should be the probable course in making so important a change of public policy is shown by the universal surprise at the act. A bill had been introduced, indeed, with a speech from the introducer, and referred and reported. But it had not arrested general attention, and the public surprise on the morning after the vote showed that the public did not suppose that so radical a change was more likely to be adopted without debate than the suffrage to be conferred upon women.

Such was the general estimate of the Assembly, however, that it was immediately and plainly insinuated that the result was due to bribery. The interests of an electric company were supposed to be involved in preventing the death by electricity of KEMMLER, now under sentence, and therefore it was supposed to be willing to procure the passage of a bill which would abolish the death penalty. This was a most extraordinary insinuation. But it shows in what contempt the Assembly was held. The insinuation, however, cannot be held to affect the introducer of the bill, General CURTIS, of St. Lawrence, nor do we know any other grounds for the suspicion than the public estimate of the present Assembly and the coincidences and circumstances of the passage of the bill. The merits of the question of capital punishment are not concerned in the insinuation. If Assemblymen could be bought to vote for the abolition of the death penalty, they could be bought to vote for its restoration, and the vote, therefore, would be no indication whatever of public sentiment. There had been no discussion in the press as there was none in the Legislature. Nobody can now say intelligently whether the people of New York wish capital punishment to be abolished or not.

The warmest friend of the abolition might have truly said that the question was so important and had been so wholly uninvolved in the election of the Legislature that there was no exigency which demanded action without some knowledge of public sentiment. The Legislature is undoubtedly the representative of the people. But as there is an annual election it has become a most reasonable custom that it shall pass upon no subjects of great moment upon which public sentiment has not manifested itself. No one would seriously assert that there has been any such manifestation in regard to capital punishment, more than the removal of the capital or a radical change in the canal system, and the consideration of the bill in the House was so slight that its passage not only astonished the newspapers which report the daily proceedings, but, according to the correspondents, was attended by private remarks openly charging corruption. General CURTIS has published a letter stating that there was no unseemly haste in the passage of the bill, and Mr. WESTINGHOUSE denies in a letter that the electrical company bearing his name has taken any part in the alleged legislation, adding that it is much more likely to be some rival company. There is no question that General CURTIS, who pressed the bill in the Assembly, and Mr. SAXTON in the Senate, are earnest advocates of the change, and they are both above suspicion of foul play. But the public surprise and suspicion at the passage of the bill are equally undeniable.

PROHIBITION AND INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

THE Constitution of the United States and the government created by it are a century old, but the system is still tentative. The limits of the dual authority of the Union and the State are by no means exhaustively defined, and can be known in new cases only as they arise and are determined by the Supreme Court. The most important decision affecting State authority is the opinion of the court recently pronounced upon the "original package" case. This opinion apparently practically annuls State laws prohibiting the sale of liquor, and it has consequently a very important effect upon all temperance legislation. The court holds by the agreement of six judges against three that the inter-State transport of liquor, including by necessary implication the right of sale in unbroken packages in any State, is exclusively under the control of the United States. In the specific case the court declared that the seizure in Keokuk, Iowa, of beer in the original package sent from Peoria, Illinois, was unconstitutional and void.

Mr. Justice GRAY, one of the three dissenting judges, remarked in the minority opinion:

> "If the statutes of a State restricting or prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within its territory are to be held inoperative and void as applied to liquors sent or brought from another State and sold by the importer in what are called original packages, the consequence must be that an inhabitant of any State may, under the pretext of inter-State commerce, and without license or supervision of any public authority, carry or send into and sell in any or all of the other States of the Union intoxicating liquors of whatever description in cases or kegs, or even in single bottles or flasks, despite any legislation of those States on the subject, and although his own State should be the only one which had not enacted similar laws."

The majority opinion was that of the Chief Justice, and of Justices FIELD and LAMAR, who are Democrats, with three Republican justices, among whom is Justice MILLER, who is one of the ablest constitutional jurists in the country, and who thus pronounced against the validity of the law of his own State. The three dissenting justices were Republicans. An important result which is anticipated from this decision is the stimulation in the highest degree of the competition in the prohibition States between malt and spirituous liquors. One effect of the prohib-

itory law is stated to be a greatly increased surreptitious consumption of poor whiskey, and it is believed that the effect of the decision will be to introduce into the prohibition States malt liquors in the original packages, which will displace the vile beverages which are now sold in violation of law. This is not an unreasonable expectation.

The decision will have the further important effect of elevating the temperance agitation into a national issue. It now ceases to be a local question. If prohibition be the true temperance policy, it can now be reached only by a law of Congress recognizing the validity of State laws upon the subject. But the extreme difficulty of obtaining such a law is evident. It is also questionable whether the decision does not equally affect State license laws. They are condemned under the decision as regulations of inter-State commerce, which are reserved exclusively to Congress. A Congressional measure of relief to cover the whole ground must therefore recognize all State regulations of the traffic, whatever they now are, or may be hereafter. The decision thus gives dignity and importance to the "third party," for it is now evident that the remedy for what prohibitionists hold to be the most vital question before the country lies solely in Congressional legislation. But such legislation is extremely improbable.

AN ADMIRABLE RECOMMENDATION.

GOVERNOR HILL made two excellent recommendations during the recent session of the New York Legislature, which are of an interest and importance not confined to any State. One of the Governor's propositions contemplates the detailed statement of election expenses by political committees, and the other the decision of election contests for members of the Legislature by the courts. Both recommendations contemplate real reform, the necessity of which has been demonstrated, and is conceded by the most intelligent public opinion, and the suggestions are to be considered solely upon their merits.

The first makes the existing law which requires accounting for election expenses more effective; the second proposes an amendment to the Constitution of the State, which, in this respect, follows that of the United States, making each House the judge of the election of its members. The Governor recounts briefly and clearly the history of this provision in the English Parliament, from which our Constitutions take it. The power became so prostituted to party purposes that, after seeking ineffectually to secure its honest exercise, the House of Commons, as the Governor says, seized the heroic remedy, and since 1868 such election contests are decided by judges of the Queen's Bench.

Our own experience has developed the same partisan abuse. Four-fifths of the contested election cases in the House of Representatives are decided in favor of the dominant party. A member's inquiry before voting seems to be that which was attributed to THADDEUS STEVENS, "Which is our d——d rascal?" The Governor, by citing the recent course taken by the majority in both Houses of Congress, undoubtedly aroused party feeling, and his proposition was too late for action by the Legislature. But it is an admirable suggestion, and one which ought to be adopted upon grounds of the highest public benefit.

THE "PAN-AMERICAN" ACTION.

IN considering the results of the late Pan-American conference, we said:

> "Some important propositions, such as a great trunk railway; government subsidies for steam-ship lines connecting the American countries represented; uniform protection for literary and art property, trade-marks, and patents; uniform quarantine regulations; a uniform extradition treaty; and a great international bank—were all discussed, but no action was taken."

We learn authoritatively that we were misinformed, and that all of these propositions were unanimously adopted, except that there was a small minority upon the question of the extradition treaty.

THE CITY INVESTIGATION.

THE FASSETT investigation of city affairs, although only begun, has been already of the highest benefit. It has again exposed—and legislative committees could do no better service—the kind of persons and methods that New York tolerates in the government of the city. The Mayor acknowledges that as Sheriff he gave $10,000 in bills to a young child of a chief Tammany boss under circumstances which make an honorable interpretation of the transaction extremely difficult. This follows directly upon his acknowledgment that also as Sheriff he received $42,000 of illegal compensation. Yet this sum was the result of practices which were simple extortion.

This is the acknowledgment of the chief magistrate of the chief city of the Western world. Last year he was its official representative at the great celebration of the centennial anniversary of the beginning of the national government, and he presided at the national banquet in commemoration of the inauguration of WASHINGTON, at which the President of the United States, and ex-Presidents, and the Chief Justice, and public men of the highest dignity, were present as orators and guests. The Mayor would have been the official head of the World's Fair if it had been held in New York; and whatever other wonders we might have offered to the contemplation of the world, the chief magistrate of our greatest city as now disclosed would have been the most wonderful. Upon the theory that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, what would the world have justly said of the result of popular government in the city of New York?

The new ballot law, by greatly facilitating honest and independent movements in municipal elections, opens a chance for a better result hereafter than the party machines now provide. The remarkable revelations of the present investigation will certainly dispose multitudes of voters, who have hitherto voted their party ticket because the "other fellows" were just as bad, to support well-known honest candidates as against any mere party candidates whatever. Nothing more clearly than the history of Tammany Hall shows the singular want of local pride and public spirit in the city of New York. Happily nothing fosters both of these valuable qualities more surely than such an exposure of the real municipal situation as is now proceeding.

ANOTHER MEDICAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

THE success of women as medical practitioners is so natural and so unquestionable that the project of a new medical school for women, under the countenance of well-known ladies in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, is not surprising. Such schools heretofore established have been most efficient, and the project is in no sense an experiment. But it is no longer a "queer" suggestion of those who hold what are called "advanced views." It is the earnest purpose of women who cannot be so described derisively, and the prospects are very promising.

The proposition is to raise a fund of $200,000, to be offered to the trustees of the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, on condition that women whose previous training has been equivalent to that of the preliminary medical course of the university shall be admitted to the school on the same terms as men. The Baltimore ladies hope to secure $50,000; the local committees in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston $25,000 each, and similar committees are to be named in Chicago and San Francisco. The contributions will be conditional upon the subscription of the whole amount and the acceptance of the conditions by the trustees.

Miss GARRETT, in Baltimore, has opened the subscription with $10,000, and Miss HOVEY, in Boston, with the same sum. The names of the leaders in each city are the guarantee of the character and promise of the enterprise. Should it succeed, the liberal endowment and the resources of the university would secure to the students the best opportunities for thorough training in the profession which enables women to be of the utmost service to other women. We shall gladly record the prosperous progress of the undertaking.

THE MEMORIAL OF MR. PEARSON.

THE committee which has in charge the erection of a memorial to the late HENRY G. PEARSON has arranged with Mr. DANIEL C. FRENCH, the eminent sculptor, for a heroic bronze bust to be placed upon a column of Swedish marble. The cost of the memorial has been subscribed, but a small sum for the expenses of the ceremony of unveiling is still to be provided, and any contribution for that purpose will be received by Mr. WILLIAM POTTS, Secretary, No. 56 Wall Street.

THE END OF A SLANDER.

DURING the sharp controversy under the last administration in regard to the removal of Dr. SHERER, and the allegations of sugar frauds at the Appraiser's Office in New York, there were irresponsible innuendos and allegations of various kinds against Mr. JAMES BURT, of New York. When the Boston *Advertiser*, a reputable journal, made such allegations its own, Mr. BURT promptly brought a suit for libel. The case has been recently tried, and it resulted in a verdict awarding to Mr. BURT $12,500 damages. This disposes effectually of all the vague charges, which could be conclusively disproved only in a court of law. It is a pleasant personal triumph for Mr. BURT, and it is the end of the calumny of the SHERER sugar frauds.

IN THE SENATE.

THE ruthless rigor of Democratic partisan rule in the old days of slavery, extending in Congress even to the violation of the right of petition, and under the sway of AMOS KENDALL in the Post-office to tampering with the mails, is returning in a less degree under Republican dominance. In the House the Speaker is now authorized to relieve a careless party majority of their responsibility by counting a quorum from members who decline to vote, and the Senate is contemplating a provision for the previous question to assure the passage of the Congressional election bill.

The Senate has hitherto allowed unlimited debate. There is reluctance to abandon this tradition and to authorize the call of the previous question. But as the Democratic Senators have announced their determination to prevent by every parliamentary device the passage of the election bill, if the bill should be pressed, unless an arrangement can be made, which is most improbable, a call for the previous question will be authorized. This is not in itself unfair. Nothing is more evident than that the rules of procedure of a parliamentary body should not be allowed to defeat the very object of its existence, which is to give legislative form and effect to the will of the people.

Freedom of debate in such a body may be abused to destroy the purpose of debate, which is to reach a conclusion. Filibustering, or an ingenious perversion of rules which are intended to facilitate action in order to prevent action, is essentially indefensible. It is an effort of the minority which is not responsible to prevent the discharge of its duty by the responsible majority. That the minority does not like a proposed measure, or thinks it unwise, untimely, unconstitutional, or revolutionary, does not authorize it to prevent the decision of the majority. The majority is responsible to the country and its constituents, not to its colleagues. But while "the previous question" under fair conditions is a legitimate provision, we believe that it was unknown in the Senate even in the angriest days of the slavery controversy.

If now, however, the restriction should be carried further, to the point of counting in a quorum to force those who are opposed to a bill to aid its passage, the fair right of the minority would be violated, and the action of the Senate would be resented upon the sound principles stated by Senator HAWLEY when a member of the House.

PERSONAL.

A HIGH compliment was paid to Mrs. MYRA BRADWELL, of Chicago, recently by the Supreme Court of Illinois. Mrs. BRADWELL is the editor of a law journal, and twenty-one years ago sought admission to the State bar, furnishing abundant evidence of her fitness. The State Supreme Court denied her request on the ground that she was a married woman. In 1872 the Illinois Legislature passed a law admitting women to the bar on the same terms as men, but Mrs. BRADWELL refused to make a new application. Now the State Supreme Court has voluntarily licensed her to practice as an attorney and counsellor.

—In an asylum at Reggio, Italy, is MICHAEL LINO, the hero of a hundred battles, and probably the last survivor of NAPOLEON'S "grand army." He is one hundred and five years old, and was taken a prisoner by the Russians at Moscow. After suffering cruel privations for ten years he joined the Russian army as a private soldier, and passed through the campaign of the Caucasus in 1829. Then he married a Polish girl and settled down in Russia. His wife and children are all dead, and he has returned to spend his last days in his native land.

—Accidents have become so common in the regimental polo tournaments of India, where the game is very popular, that Sir FREDERIC ROBERTS, Commander-in-Chief, has ordered their prohibition.

—Mrs. BETSY AVERILL, of New Preston, Connecticut, one hundred and three years old, draws a pension because her husband fought in the war of 1812. She is the oldest pensioner on the government rolls.

—Stratford-on-Avon has lost one of its celebrities by the death of HENRY JONES, an eccentric character who kept a museum which travellers usually visited, and who bored his visitors by reciting to them execrable verses of his own production.

—JAMES NASMYTH, who died on the 7th of May, was only thirty-one years of age when he invented the steam-hammer, and won fame and fortune at a stroke. The life of the sturdy Scotch engineer was so full of "the romance of science" that in later years his friends begged him to note down his reminiscences and write an account of his inventions. The narrative which he prepared was edited by his friend SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. (author of *Thrift*, *Self-Help*, etc.), and was published in the form of an autobiography. In 1884 Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS published a new illustrated edition, revised and corrected by Dr. SMILES for American readers. Mr. NASMYTH'S life will remind many of that of our own ERICSSON.

—The late Judge GEORGE W. NESMITH, of Franklin Falls, New Hampshire, was for many years a prominent figure at Dartmouth College Commencements, and always made a vigorous and kindly speech to the "boys," as he called the students. He was a trustee of the college, and was greatly interested in its welfare. He was a warm friend of DANIEL WEBSTER, and resembled him in personal appearance.

—EDWIN BOOTH is having the monument of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, the actor, in St. Paul's church-yard, restored. This is the fourth restoration, EDMUND KEAN and E. A. SOTHERN both having performed the kind service before.

—Judge ALBION W. TOURGEE, the author of *A Fool's Errand* and other books inspired by events attending or succeeding the carpet-bag era in certain portions of the South, has been restored to the pension rolls, from which he was dropped some years ago when he entered the government employ. He is to have six dollars a month for each month from 1863 to the present time, a lump sum of about $2500, and thirty dollars a month after this.

—After one or more postponements, the marriage of WALTER DAMROSCH and Miss MARGARET BLAINE, daughter of the Secretary of State, is announced to take place at Washington May 15th.

—The little town of Edgerton, in the State of Kansas, where petticoat rule seems to be a growing fashion, has elected Mrs. W. H. KELLY Mayor. She is twenty-three years old, has a young baby, and is a woman's righter, but does not propose to let her official duties conflict with those at home.

—The only surviving grandchild of THOMAS JEFFERSON, Mrs. SEPTIMIA RANDOLPH MEIKLEHAM, a widow, seventy-six years old, lives in a humble cottage at Georgetown, District of Columbia. She is supported by her daughter, who is a Patent-office clerk.

—Mrs. CHARLOTTE EMERSON BROWN, who has been elected President of the Federation of Woman's Clubs which was formed at a meeting held in this city a few days ago, is also President of the Woman's Club at Orange, New Jersey, her home being in East Orange. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking no less than seven languages, including Dutch and modern Greek, and has travelled extensively abroad. Besides all this, she is said to be a woman of rare executive ability, while her religious orthodoxy cannot be questioned, as she was brought up under the shadow of Andover Theological Seminary, where her father, RALPH EMERSON, is a professor, and her husband, Rev. Dr. WILLIAM B. BROWN, filled a chair till ill health forced him to go abroad. Mrs. BROWN is fifty years old, and her various accomplishments fit her well for the new position in which she has been placed.

A MAY-DAY AT THE CENTRAL PARK PLAZA.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 383.]

"'DOES GO EASIER,' HE SAID, CHEERILY, AS HE STRENGTHENED THE SIDE OF THE SLUCE WITH A LARGE STONE."

GABE HARRIS.

THE wooden tanks on all the leases in the Harford oil region had been full for many days, and every time a well flowed "off a head" the petroleum was wasted. It ran over the tank's brim, saturated the dry leaves, and formed pools on the hill-sides in the depressions behind trees and stumps.

The spring had been early: by the last week of April the snow was all gone from the recesses of the deep forest. There had been but little rain, and the warm sun had dried the rotting timber in the woods. The leaves strewing the ground were crisp and combustible as paper. They were scattered hither and thither by the frequent breezes blowing strong from the Great Lakes, and they found lodgement only where they fell into waste petroleum and became soaked. Never were there conditions more favorable for a terrible, disastrous forest fire.

Everybody was careful of fire. Men who in sullen silence, or with angry denunciation of the Pipe Line Company, watched their oil run to waste, forbore smoking in the woods for fear a spark from a pipe would start the conflagration they all dreaded. Drilling was stopped; fires were drawn from the boilers at pumping wells.

The producers had held mass-meetings and denounced the action of the company; they had even attempted violence. To all complaints the company seemed indifferent: to protect their property they had called upon the sheriff of the county and his posse, which consisted mainly of men in their employ.

From all the meetings Gabe Harris had been absent. In the attack upon the pump station he had taken no part; but every day he had gone to the office of the "Lines" and asked to have his oil "run." Having made the request and received an answer, he handed the superintendent an estimate of the amount of petroleum that had run to waste on his lease the previous day. The reply he received was the same that all applicants were met with:

"We have no room, but are increasing our tankage daily, and hope to relieve you soon. However, if you wish to sell your oil for immediate shipment, we will run it at once."

"Immediate shipment" oil brought twenty cents a barrel less than the market price for crude petroleum, and many of the producers, pressed by their creditors or needing money to buy the necessities of life, were forced to accept the company's terms. But Gabe, though his credit was nearly exhausted, would not thus yield to monopoly. Rather than sell his oil for immediate shipment, he would let his creditors have his property, and support his family by working on the streets of Harford. His home he could retain, for the little portable house with its furniture was paid for, and he would not have to pay ground-rent, as on the leases the surface of the ground had no value, save where the derricks and their engine-houses and tanks were located.

Perhaps he would not have been so courageous had his wife not been of the opinion that his course was right. Her nature, though affectionate and gentle, was independent and self-reliant. Poverty had no terrors for her. She had endured it, had suffered many privations in practising a rigid economy in order to save the wages Gabe had earned as a driller, so that some day they might have a lease of their own. They had secured one; on it had put down three wells, and were meeting with regularity and promptness the notes given for machinery and tanks when the "shut down" came, and their oil joined that of other producers on the hill-side—forever lost. She was glad Gabe had not become violent and made threats as his neighbors had done, because she thought much talk a display of weakness, and she would have regretted her marriage had she at last found herself the wife of a weak man. She knew she could rely upon his silent determination to win in his conflict with the "Lines" without an appeal to dynamite, which remedy for their abuses was daily threatened by the producers.

Meantime Gabe formed a plan. He resolved to run his oil himself, first gauging his tanks in the presence of witnesses to ascertain the amount they contained; then he would turn the stopcock, and set a donkey-engine to work pumping the petroleum into the main line. When his tanks were empty, he would demand of the "Lines" a storage certificate for the amount of the oil run.

On a clear warm morning in May he kissed his wife good-by for the day, and set out on horseback for Harford to make a final demand on the company to run his oil.

His lease was at the head of the Kendall Creek Valley. From the door of his house he could see the Tuna, into which the rapid Kendall Creek emptied. Scattered through the valley were several villages, the nearest to his home being Kendall. On the banks of the creek were a great number of iron storage tanks, each one painted red, and having on one side the name of the owner and its capacity stated in white letters. Gabe had often looked at them, and thought, as many another passer had done, what a big fire they would make if the petroleum in one of them should be ignited! But that day as he rode toward them his thoughts were far from the subject of a conflagration in them. Suddenly his revery was rudely interrupted. The sound of an explosion startled him, and looking up, he saw a large flat object flying in the air. Recognizing it as the roof of an iron tank, he gave rein to his horse, and dashed toward the column of smoke and flame intertwined that he saw rising near the town of Kendall.

The petroleum in an iron tank was burning, and he knew with what danger the fire threatened Kendall. The tank was one of a group on the bank of the creek, and if it should overflow, or another tank be ignited and burst with an explosion of gas, the burning fluid would surely be borne on the stream among the houses that further down lined its banks. From these houses the town lay in the direction the wind was blowing, and the wooden, canvas-lined dwellings were as combustible as tinder. If a fire should break out among the houses on the creek, the town would soon be in ashes and many families homeless.

All of this Gabe comprehended in a moment, and he rode right into the village, shouting to the women whom he saw standing in their doorways and gazing curiously at the blazing petroleum, "Bring all the shovels and picks you can find."

Looking back over his shoulder, he saw fire running up the side of the hill, the blazing leaves blown by the wind apparently in a hot race to spread the conflagration, to carry destruction far and wide. At a glance he saw the direction of the fire was toward his own home and lease—toward his wife and children, whom he had left but a half-hour before.

At the telegraph station of the "Lines" he drew rein, and yelled to the operator: "Tell Harford we want men with picks and shovels, and we want them quick. Wire the railroad company for a special train."

The operator, who had already reported an iron tank on fire, promptly sent Gabe's message. Before it reached Harford, Gabe was on his way at full speed of his horse. He rode to within a hundred yards of the burning tank, and hitched his horse securely to a tree on the windward side of the fire. Then snatching a shovel from one woman and a pickaxe from another, he ran to a bend of the creek, and began the construction of a dam.

Two old men and some boys came to help him, while the women brought picks and shovels, and laid them on the bank of the creek, in readiness for use by husbands and brothers, who to a man were attending a mass-meeting of the producers in Harford.

The blazing oil heated the tank, the flames roaring and struggling to maintain a perpendicular against the wind, growing in force and blowing steadily.

Gabe was working with wonderful energy, making a sluice for the escape of the water, at the same time directing his assistants how to build the dam, which was to be constructed of stones laid one on the other and banked with dirt. The old men, whose strength was unequal to the efforts they put forth in the excitement, leaned on their shovels presently, and took an observation of the progress of the fire, and reckoned on the probability of the small force being able to complete the dam before the overflow would come.

"Why, Gabe, how can you work so hard in this heat with your coat on?" one of them remarked, querulously, as he wiped his brow with a soiled handkerchief.

"Didn't think of that," said Gabe, and in a moment he was at work again without coat or vest to impede him. "Does go easier," he said, cheerily, as he strengthened the side of the sluice with a large stone. "Now, if you old fellows ain't played out, you can shovel some dirt behind that rock."

"I ain't played out," one of the old men said; "but I'm thinkin' you'd better git fast as your hoss can carry you, or you won't save much from that little house of yours up to Summit."

One of the boys stopped in his digging, his breath growing short, and looked at the conflagration sweeping up the mountain-side. "Gabe, hadn't I better ride up and tell your wife the fire's comin'?" he said.

"No; you stay here and dig. Mrs. Harris knows as much about the fire comin' her way as we do. She's got eyes."

Yet, with all his cheerful manner and the courage in his voice, Gabe did not dare to look up from his work, for fear the sight of the tempest of flames that was rushing to the destruction of his home would overcome his resolution to save Kendall if possible.

"But don't you think you'd better go, Gabe?" the old man queried. "Charity begins to home, you know."

"Stop pesterin' me and work, or get out of the road."

The old man, offended, shovelled in a desultory way.

"Spoonfuls don't count; 'tain't the little grains of sand we want here, but shovelfuls," and suiting action to word, Gabe dumped a pile of sand against the stone he had just put in place. The old man, feeling that he was useless, threw down his shovel and walked away; the other one joined him, and together they went to chatter with the women

who were standing in the highway, alternately gazing at the fire and noting the progress of the dam.

"Is the dam done?" asked one woman eagerly of the old men.

"Done? It will never be done, for the overflow will come first."

"Better get out your things," said the other old man.

This suggestion stampeded the women. They scattered, each to her home, the children crying after their mothers, who were hastening to save keepsakes and small valuables. Here and there a frantic woman carried a baby, but was heedless of its cries.

Meanwhile Gabe was cheering the boys, some of whom were beginning to flag—one, then another of them, pausing to draw a shirt sleeve over his perspiring forehead.

"Here, Dick, you carry stones awhile. You help him, Bill. And you two fellows there with picks, take shovels. We'll beat that fire, or we ain't men."

Thus encouraged, the boys worked with increased vigor, and Gabe saw with growing hope that the dam was assuming proportions which would offer effectual resistance to considerable of a "boil over," as the overflow was sometimes called.

Once again the boy who had wanted to ride to Gabe's home with news of the approaching fire recurred to the subject.

"Tain't too late yit, Gabe. Hadn't I better go?"

"You can go if you want to, Dick, but only not to my house. We need all hands here."

The boy shamefacedly renewed his exertions, and the others, in dogged imitation of Gabe's unflagging zeal, worked with their heads down, bestowing all their attention to obeying his orders.

There was silence among them except when Gabe spoke; but amid the roaring of the fire in the tank they could hear the shrill voices of the women screaming to each other, and presently there came to their ears the welcome screech of one of the little narrow-gauge engines. Buoyed by a repetition of the whistle, the little band seemed to redouble their efforts. Soon again the locomotive shrieked, nearer to them, and there was silence until the rumble of the train was heard. Then the boys looked up; but Gabe did not pause in the particular task he was engaged upon—packing the sand between some stones. The train ran up to a point opposite the tanks, and before it was at a stand-still men carrying picks and shovels had leaped from the platforms and were running to the dam, shouting to the workers to make way for new men.

Then Gabe paused. He looked up the valley, but could not see his home for the dense smoke that was blowing over the summit. He was jostled aside by the new-comers, who came to the work like a company charging a battery. Gabe felt that he would not be needed now. He could no longer restrain his heart. It called on him louder, more urgently than it had done when there was time for him to get to his house before the conflagration had reached it, and he obeyed.

In the tumult he was not missed, and no one heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs over the stony road. Bending low over the pommel of the saddle, he dashed into the smoke. He could not see, but he trusted his horse, now mad with fright. Presently he said, "Thank God!"

The lessening of the heat on his cheek, then a breath of cool air, told him that which he had not observed—the wind had veered, and had carried the fire off in another direction, west of his house, and it was safe. He knew, too, from faith in his wife, that she had conducted the children to a place of safety. Soon he was out of the blinding smoke, and the horse slackened the pace of his own accord. Then he dismounted and climbed the side of the mountain, where he soon found his family on a point of rocks.

"I saw it all," said his wife; "but I did not know it was you working there all that time till I saw the horse start up the valley. Then I knew." And she kissed him.

"But the overflow! Did it come?"

"Yes. Just after I lost sight of you in the smoke."

"And the dam?"

"It held. See, Kendall is safe; and there would not have been time to save it after the train came."

And in the look of pride and love she gave him Gabe found his reward.

ALEXANDER L. KINKEAD.

"THE DUEL."

An ugly business, this premeditated manslaughter, and as Mr. Frederick James has painted it, you see how desperate is the situation.

More than one artist of the modern French school have tried their hands on this same subject, but the sentiments inspiring them have been different. There was a picture called "The Duel in the Snow," which was a tragedy after the farce. From the masked ball to the Bois de Boulogne, from the strident orchestra to the metallic clickings of the rapiers, there might have been but a short interval. It was all about nothing. Too much rum in their punches, with perhaps a woman's finger stirring up the brew, was the cause, and so Pierrot was offensive, and, flushed with bad liquor, two men crossed swords in the wintry woods, and one poor wretch was spitted. Sympathy is wasted on a work of this character. When buffoons engage in the dance of death, the sardonic grin mocks the situation. Another picture showed two heavy cavalry soldiers fighting a garrison duel with sabres. Two butchers from the abattoirs would have slashed their carcasses in a similar manner.

In Mr. Frederick James's picture there is nothing recalling the more florid periods of duelling, which were at their height during the reigns of Louis XIII. and the Regency. There is nothing here relating to red heels or curly wigs or flashing rapiers. The picture has an Anglo-Saxon bull-dog phlegm about it. There stand the antagonists. You can measure the distance between them. There are nine men, the major part in uniform, on the one side of the dinner table, and that many men would measure a fair ten paces. The company have not been drinking. Though it was the fashion of the day to imbibe hugely, the empty flasks are not numerous. The old-fashioned decanters still hold a sufficiency of port and Madeira. All the glasses have not been drained. There are corks on the floor, but libations have not been over-heavy. The men themselves—the lookers-on, the principals—are not even flushed. There are no bleary eyes nor rubicund noses. To the right, clear of them all, stands an officer holding a white handkerchief. The men at the table, who are standing with their backs to the wall, who witness the fight, have about in their middle one who has his watch in hand. He with the handkerchief having asked if the combatants are ready, and having received the answer "Ready," will drop his handkerchief—the signal to fire. The other man with the watch will count "One—two—three," and after that "three," which, according to agreement, may occupy a lapse of time from one-half to a whole minute, no firing is permissible. It would not be considered a murder to send a ball through a man's heart between the dropping of the handkerchief and "three," but brutal assassination if a pistol were fired after it.

So truthful is it all, so serious, so matter-of-fact, that the question arises, Who was the aggressor? What was the cause for a duel? The artist specifies the time, the locality. The period must be during the Presidency of James Madison. The place some tavern dining-room, probably in Virginia. The civilian who is pitted against the officer has a hard and determined face. He might be a Federalist, and political rancor brought about the crisis. Why has he his hat and top-coat on the chair? Was he invited to the dinner? Has he so far forgotten himself as to come an unbidden guest and insult some one there? The age of both combatants precludes the idea that there is a woman in the case. It was so easy, however, just then to pick a quarrel with an army man, for all the glory had fallen to the navy; for really Lundy's Lane and Chippewa had been but sorry battles, in which the army had not behaved over-brilliantly; and then Washington had been burnt, but New Orleans had retrieved many disasters on the land. Feelings had been much imbittered, for through political appointments many incompetent officers found prominent positions in the ranks. Still the red-headed man, with no Bob Acres look about him, has a vengeful, spiteful face. You can see only the back of his military adversary, who stands to the front of the picture. The men hold their flint-lock, duelling, smooth-bore pistols, in approved style. At least the civilian knows the way of it. If he were a little slow, his pistol arm would cover at least some part of his body.

On the wall certain handbills show the lay of the land. Here is the announcement of a stage-coach departure, and underneath it the notice of a runaway slave. It is a room in an inn, for on the mantel-piece are candles of many lengths in the candlesticks. The mantel-piece is a careful study, with its neat and fine carvings and bead-work. In one corner the officers have put their swords, and their different forms show a mixed service of horse and foot. On a quaintly formed mahogany side-table, with its peculiar bulge, stand the empty bottles and an earthenware jug of Hollands and a bowl of old Pekin china. The time may be three or four o'clock, for the dinner was served at sharp two; and now there is nothing but the wine on the table, some few cigars, and a clay pipe. The servants have been dismissed. Maybe the landlord has an inkling of what was likely to take place, but he held his peace. There might have been some angry words interchanged, but officers are apt to be noisy, and it was none of Boniface's business to be over-discriminating. The custom these officers brought him was good, his wine flowed like water, and his larder wanted constant replenishing. Why should he interfere?

The chairs tumbled toward the front have not been upset in any fray. They have been thrown there just so, so as to make the coast clear. The men must have room, and if there is a pace or so more than the regulation "ten," what matters it? Is much pity, solicitude shown on the part of those present? Very little is there. It must have been a cold-blooded tragedy. There is one slightly bleached and anxious face, that of a young man. Perhaps it is his début. But, bless you! our great-grandfathers, who really were no better nor worse than we are, were in touch with my Lord Camelford, who was the most business-like and sanguinary of duellists. Saint-Evremond and Saint-Foix were gay roisterers, but Camelford was a dull matter-of-fact fiend in a duel. When Fox, Pitt, Canning, and Castlereagh were quite ready to go out on the field of honor, why should not our gentlemen follow suit? Did not Hamilton fall in a duel with Burr in 1804? What, then, is there surprising about a fight in a tavern parlor some ten years later?

The predominating feature in Mr. Frederick James's picture is its intensity. Absolute faithfulness in all the details is a question of research. No great lavishings of applause should be meted out to an artist who commits no anachronism. He who seeks and studies objects fitted to periods always finds what he wants. It is only a question of time and patience. The lumber of the past is to the faithful artist not, however, immaterial. It dates his picture better than could a reference in a catalogue. But what is high art in Mr. James is this: he shows that he has a dramatic power held under control. He tries to convey the idea of that supreme moment of suspense, which suspense tells more on the imagination than the actual facts which must follow an instant later. For this reason "The Duel" is a picture of singular merit. Drawing, coloring, accessories, all tend toward the one general effectiveness. It is a work in which the unities have been studied. Nothing is forced or put too much to the front. It means, without flourish, display, exaggeration, the first act of a social drama of a past period. In an instant pistols will blaze, and a man will go down. Will it be the civilian or the officer?

SEÑOR LUIZ'S BENEFIT.

BY ROBERT GORDON BUTLER.

There were to be two plays this evening, for it was the benefit night of Señor Luiz, the leading actor and manager of the theatre. The first play was finished, and the curtain had just shut out the tableau of triumphant virtue. The empty lamps were being replaced by a servant of the theatre, and the audience, in a state of cheerful and comfortable expectation, was watching him with the strained attention that one gives to small happenings between the acts at a theatre. The first play had been most enjoyable, but the second play is always better than the first. To-night, too, the second play was entirely new—it had been written by Señor Luiz himself—so that to the advantage of being better than the first it added the charm of absolute novelty.

The audience was most distinguished—naturally, too, for the prices of seats had been raised: you could not enter the theatre for less than a real, and the best seats cost four times that amount. In the front row of seats, right opposite the centre of the stage, sat the Prefecto Politico, a very great man, with only one eye, fat, and bald-headed, a keen critic and student of the drama. He invariably attended the theatre, and furnished "critiques" on the performances to the crowd in the morning at his barber shop—for he was a barber. He did not move about the house between the acts: persons of less distinction could do that if they chose. He did not call on friends: friends called on him. Beside him sat his wife and his lovely daughter. They always attended the theatre with him: he was a model husband and father in this matter. He and his family always had complimentary tickets. On the other side of the Prefecto Politico sat a stranger, Señor Garcia. The Prefecto knew him, and had introduced him to his many friends, as he stood at the door watching the audience enter, as "the principal manager at the capital, who is looking for talent to take thither." As the Prefecto had said this to every one whom he had seen, and as every one to whom the fact had been confided had confided it to some one else, it follows that Señor Garcia was an object of general interest and admiration. Did it not reflect credit on the towns-people of Señor Luiz that the great manager should come to see him act, with a view, perhaps, of securing his services?

The moon shone down on the audience, smoking and chattering during the intermission. The stage was the only part of the theatre covered; the rest of the theatre was open to the heaven, and surely no playhouse ever had a grander auditorium. Directly back of the auditorium was the great square of the town, with the cathedral shining white in the moonlight, and beyond the cathedral the snow-capped mountains of the Sierras. On one side the Casa del Gobernador stood; on the other, behind a grove of palm-trees, stood the empty barracks. With the full moon shining down and covering everything with its mysterious light, surely no stranger or grander theatre could be imagined. Meanwhile every one was smoking placidly; no one was impatient for the second play to begin. It would begin in time—that was enough.

"The stage, señor," said the Prefecto Politico to the manager from the capital, "is indeed a valued adjunct to our schools. It is a means of education too little used. Your vocation is indeed a grand one, too little appreciated. I count myself fortunate that I am able by education and training to point out to my friends the beauties and value of the plays presented before us by my worthy friend Señor Luiz. As I tell him, his is indeed a lofty vocation, too little appreciated. He, moreover, does not fully comprehend his opportunities. His choice of plays is not always what it should be. I am willing to admit that the performance of classical plays does not attract such audiences as that of light farces and comedies, but, as I tell him, he should be above questions of mere money; he should—"

But the manager from the capital had to speak to Doña Isabel, and apologized for not waiting to hear the remainder of the Prefecto Politico's well-considered and valuable ideas on the drama. He was desolated to leave the Prefecto, he said, but when the ladies— The Prefecto would pardon him?

"That Señor Garcia is a most intelligent man," thought the Prefecto, as he lighted another cigarette and looked patronizingly at the manager talking with his daughter. She was very pretty in her mantilla, caught on her shoulders by two big captive fire-flies. Her fan moved rapidly in her small brown hands, and the white cigarette smoke rose in slow curls from her full red lips. Any father might be proud of such a daughter. To think that her mother had ever been young and pretty and slender like her daughter! Look at her now. But she had been; her daughter is; that made a difference. But even as he thought so the Prefecto Politico repented, and moved nearer to his fat, homely wife, and pressed her arm fondly, and she smiled on him and smiled on her daughter.

Presently the curtain was drawn aside, and an actor appeared to announce the play—*The Miser*.

"*The Miser*," he cried; and the audience instantly became quiet. Only clouds of cigarette smoke rose in the air to show that the spectators had not been stricken lifeless.

"*The Miser*," cried the actor again. "Luiz will be Porfirio, a miser; Señora Soledad will be Magdalena, his wife; Benito will be Juan, a nobleman; Pedro will be Peppe, a servant." And he withdrew suddenly.

"Señora Soledad," explained the Prefecto Politico to the manager from the capital, "is really Luiz's wife. Benito is a new member of the company; it was Pedro who announced the play."

"Yes?" said the manager, gravely, and blew rings of smoke; and the new play began.

The old miser was superb. The audience approved him loudly: he was so fond of his money; he treated his servant Peppe so badly. Peppe tried to cheat him, and he discovered his tricks so cleverly. Peppe was nearly starved. He had a basket of grapes to take to his master, with a letter from the judge. He put the basket on a rock, and held the letter in both hands.

"Now the last time I took grapes to Señor Porfirio," said Peppe, "he beat me because I ate two bunches: how it hurt my poor back! And when I asked him how he knew, he said the letter told him. The idea of a little piece of paper telling him! Now if I put the paper under this stone it won't see me eat the grapes, so Señor Porfirio won't beat me."

So he put the letter under the stone, and looked to see that no corner of it was visible; then he ate three bunches of grapes.

"I'm all right now," he said, and took the rest of the grapes with the letter to Señor Porfirio. The miser read the letter, while Peppe looked on confidently.

"You thief!" shouted the miser, "you have eaten three bunches of grapes! You will ruin me with your appetite."

"What wonderful eyes that little piece of paper must have!" sighed poor Peppe as he rubbed his shoulders. The audience was delighted; this was pure comedy.

"You don't see this every day," said the Prefecto Politico to the manager from the capital.

Then the miser's wife came in—Magdalena. She was very miserable, her husband treated her so badly. She bemoaned her fate:

"Alas, alas! Why did I wed with him?
My father would have warned me, and my mother—"

and at that there was a great nodding of elderly heads in the audience at young heads that nodded back again defiantly.

"A better husband might I well have taken:
Juan were mine to choose, had I but chosen,"

sighed the miser's poor wife; and then Benito came on as Juan, the former lover. He was a handsome fellow, was Benito; as handsome as Señora Soledad was beautiful. Benito, too, was more than merely handsome; he was a scholar. It was said that he had studied for the Church, and had seen a great deal of life. He stepped up to Señora Soledad.

"Magdalena," he said. That was the name of the miser's wife.

"Señor! 'Tis you! You should not fright me so."
"I would not fright you for a kingdom, Lena."
"You must not call me so. Am I not married?
The time you could have called me so is gone,
And with it, vanished are the ties of friendship.
We are but strangers, you and I; not friends."
"Too well I know that; tell me not again.
Porfirio is your—husband. I no longer
Can even be your friend. But, Magdalena—
For I must call you so; I call you so
In my dear heart, whene'er I think of thee
And of those days gone by; and sometimes, as
Even now I did, I call you so aloud,
When memories are too strong and will too weak.
'Tis an old custom: custom grows a friend,
Sticks closer than a brother. Tell me, señora:
Porfirio? Does he make you happy now?"
"Thou hast no right to ask me. I am married,
And happy husband should make happy wife."
"Ay, should; but does it?"
"What right hast thou to ask me? That of friendship?
The question's dangerous for a friend to ask.
Happy? Mated to Porfirio? Happy?"
"Poor Manuela—Magdalena!"
"Thou hast no right to pity me! Me poor?

Thou mightst have had such right—"
"That I have not the right is not my fault.
My will and hopes would fain have conquered it."
"It was my fault—it was my fault. I pray thee
Stir not remembrance of my folly in me.
Comes it not day by day unsummoned to me?
Juan, miserable mayst thou be; but I,
I am most miserable. I am punished
For mine own fault, which knowing I committed.
Canst thou forgive me? Add not to my grief;
But if thou wilt, thou hast the right, so hate me.
What do I say? What, señor, hast thou heard?
I did but jest. What said I?"
"Magdalena!
My Magdalena, long since I forgave thee!
I know thy torments. I have borne them too,
And still I suffer; but when I think of thee,
Bound to a husband love for whom is loathing,
My sufferings I forget to pity thee."
"Juan—my Juan!"
"I love you! Hark! I love you! Shall our folly,
A momentary cloud that came between us,
Forever part us? Folly's punishment
I know is heavier often than is crime's.
But, Magdalena, listen: still I love you!
I love you, Magdalena!"
"I hate Porfirio; but I am his wife.
Thou shouldst not speak such words; I should not hear them."

"Manuela, hearken to me. I love you, and you know it. For love of you I have given up much; I have joined this paltry troupe of acrobats which Luiz calls a theatrical company. Leave this crazy fellow; come with me. Be not afraid; I have money and friends. Once out of this gossiping town we shall be free. Come, Manuela, come. What keeps you?"

"Porfirio," said the prompter. The audience was spellbound. The acting was wonderfully natural, thought the Prefecto Politico.

"Porfirio keeps you? Nay, it is not he that makes your will so sluggish. Manuela, Manuela! By the remembrance of the love you bore me once, by the remembrance of your cruelty to me, take pity on me! Pity on me? Pity on yourself."

"That's a poor argument to move a woman, Benito."

"Manuela, do not jest. I cannot bear it. I am in earnest. Manuela, by the remembrance of our childhood days. Do you remember the orange grove where we used to play? Do you remember the great bull, how it broke out one day, and dashed in upon our sports?"

"Oh, Benito, yes; how awful it was!"

"You are not speaking the words," said the prompter, as loudly as he dared; "the cue is, 'Magdalena, let Porfirio keep his money.'"

"The bull charged upon us, Manuela, and we scattered and fled to the trees for refuge. All of us but one put trees between ourselves and the monster. You were that one, and on you he turned."

"I know, I know!"

"'Magdalena, let Porfirio—'" repeated the prompter.

"I sprang from behind the tree, I rushed to your side, and dragged you from before the infuriated beast. We felt his hot breath on our necks as we fled! You stumbled and fell; and as you fell, I threw you to one side. The bull passed you by and pursued me. You were safe, but he overtook me, and tossed me high in the air; he would have killed me had not his keepers come. They drew me from his feet alive, but only alive. Do you remember?"

"Oh, Benito, I do, I do! Forgive me!"

"Then we grew older, and in a fit of pique you threw me aside and gave yourself to Luiz. Come, Manuela, you love me still? Is it not so? My love, my love!"

"Benito, I do love you. I will come."

"Manuela, there are horses at hand, under the palm-trees. Get what you need—you do not need much, for I have money—and let us go at once. You can trust me."

"Benito, yes, I trust you."

What a storm of applause broke from the audience when Señora Manuela as Magdalena and Señor Benito as Juan retired from the stage! The acting was superb—so natural! The description of the attack by the bull—it was magnificent! How real the lover's pleadings sounded! Was it not strange that the actors forgot their assumed names, and used their own names? But of course—this from the Prefecto Politico—even an actor's memory cannot last forever.

But hush!—the miser.

He seemed disturbed, and spoke sharply to Peppe, his servant. The audience laughed at Peppe; he was so awkward. Would he have any more letters to hide?

"Where's your mistress?" asked the miser, shortly.

"My mistress? Your wife?"

"Ay, my wife. Where is she? Find her out,
And tell her I would see her in my garden.
Dost hear me? Quick! Begone!"

"Here? In the garden? I—I don't think, master, that—"

"I know thou dost not think! I do not pay thee
To think; I think myself; I hire thee
To do the errands set thee—so begone."

When the man had gone, the miser was left alone.

"Why did the fool seem startled when I bade him
To bear a message to his mistress? Pshaw! 'twas folly.
From a fool, foolishness. Wisdom from a fool
'Twere quite as wise to seek as grapes from thorns.
But yet—I fancied not his manner toward me;
Something it should conceal—what, I must know.
How long his answer is returning! Can Magdalena—
Well, if she is? Her movements are her own;
Undue account she need not render of them."

Then Peppe came back, all excitement.

"Well?" said the miser, impatiently.

"Master, my mistress is not in her chamber,
Nor is she in the places she affects.
Where she may be I know not, but I think—"
"Thinking again? I'll cure thee of that habit."
"I think my lady's fled with Juan, her lover!"
"What makes you think so? Fled with Juan, her lover?"

"With Juan, said I?—I should have said with Benito."

How the miser glared at Peppe! The actor who played the servant had forgotten the name—or had made a mistake. No wonder the manager, who played the miser, was angry!

"What do you mean, you fool? Fled with Benito?"

"Luiz, I heard Señora Manuela speak to Benito—"

"Of course they speak together; they are both in the company. She does not know him well enough to quarrel with him. But come, no jesting. Play your part, man! play out the play."

"Shall I play it out? Do you bid me play it out?"

"Go on, Pedro! The word, José."

The prompter gave "the word," and Peppe spoke again:

"Fast down the road sped Juan. With him, mounted
On her brown mare, rode Doña Magdalena.

"Luiz, I tell the truth! They may not have gone yet, but as I live they will go! Hear me, and save your honor!"

"My wife has fled with Juan? It is false!
Magdalena! Magdalena! No reply?
Can it be true? She fled with Juan? Gone?
Has Peppe, for a wonder, told the truth?"

"As I live, Luiz, I have told the truth."

Peppe seemed to have forgotten entirely the words of his part, and spoke quite differently from the way he should have spoken. Besides, he took Señor Luiz by the arm and shook him. Luiz stared at him hard. The play stopped. The audience sat motionless; they did not understand what was happening on the stage. For a moment, no one said a word; then Luiz, the miser, spoke:

"Very well. Play the play out."

It was the perfection of acting. You would have thought that he really believed his wife was unfaithful. His voice was hoarse, it shook so; he trembled from head to foot, and spoke, evidently, only by a great effort.

"Bravo!" cried the Prefecto Politico.

The miser evidently recognized the voice, for he turned toward the speaker. He did not bow to him, but simply looked at him; and the Prefecto Politico felt quite uncomfortable.

"Leave me, Peppe," said the miser. His voice showed how excited he was. Then, when Peppe had gone, the miser almost fell into a chair, and wrung his hands. So he really did love his wife, did he? How haggard he looked! How wildly he stared about him! How he moistened his lips with his tongue, yet how dry they looked! How he tried to speak, yet could not! How his limbs trembled!

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and darted from the stage. The audience was dumb with surprise.

"Superb!" said the Prefecto Politico; and there was a burst of applause.

In an instant the miser reappeared, dragging Juan, the nobleman; in his hand he held his sword. Now, he could speak.

"Wretch!" he broke out. "You would have stolen my wife! Is this your gratitude? Did I not take pity on you when you were alone, friendless, sick, dying on the road? Is this your gratitude? I raised you from the road, I nursed you, made you well, and to repay me you tried to steal my wife—my wife! Oh, Manuela! Manuela! She cared for you like a sister. And now you—you—Benito, whom we loved, have tried to steal her from me! Well, I am in time. I have found you out. I might kill you as you stand; but because you have been my guest, because you have broken bread with me, I will give you a chance for your life. Take your sword. On guard!"

"You are crazy! Why shall I draw my sword?"

"You dog! Why do I not kill you as you stand? O God! Take your sword! Defend yourself!"

"I will not fight with you. Why should I fight? You are crazy! You think I have stolen your wife? Well, I have not."

"I know you have not, but you have tried to steal her. Come, draw your sword. If you do not, I shall flog you like a dog."

"Luiz, you are mad!"

"I am not mad. Pedro told me, and I could read your faces. You thought I was blind—and I was at first; but now I am awake and able to see, and I see everything. For the last time, I bid you draw your sword. In any case, I shall punish you, either with a whip or with a sword; I care not which."

Benito seemed as if about to act the man; he drew his sword, and tried its temper. He looked about the audience, as if for a means of escape; but the miser watched him as a cat watches a mouse, and he had to assume a bravery which he did not possess.

Suddenly the miser turned about; evidently he heard some one behind the scenes—some one was coming. Benito saw the miser's back turned toward him, and sprang upon him, about to plunge his sword into his back.

"Luiz, Luiz, beware!" cried the miser's wife. Like a flash the miser swung round, like a flash his sword caught the point of Benito's blade, and that blade went whirling into the air, falling with a clatter in a corner of the stage.

For a moment there was a dead silence; then, as if they could not remain silent longer, "Bravo! bravo!" cried voices from all parts of the audience.

"I shall not fight you now, Benito," said Luiz, the miser. "You can go; only go at once." And without a word the lover departed.

"Luiz," cried the miser's wife, coming upon the stage and falling on her knees; "Luiz, do not send me away; hear me first, if you will send me! I was foolish, Luiz. The remembrance of our childhood days was too much for me, and when he pressed me, I let myself be tempted. But, Luiz—I could not go. I thought I loved him—but, Luiz, I did not. I was prepared to go, but I heard your voice, and I stood still. It reminded me of our boy, and my heart turned faint at the thought of what I was about to do. I came nearer. I watched you from the door. When I saw you about to fight him, I would have stopped you. I did not fear for you, Luiz; but you were too good to cross swords with such as he. Then I must have made a noise, for you turned, and as you turned—You know the rest—you know the rest! Luiz, do not cast me off! Pity me, and forgive me!"

"Manuela," said Luiz, the miser, sadly.

"Luiz, I will go, if you bid me; but, remember, I had repented. I shall never see him again. I will go. You are right to send me away; but, believe me, I shall never see him again."

"Manuela," said Luiz, gently, "listen!" And faintly the noise of a galloping horse came to the ears of the audience, and died away in the distance. "You are my wife. You wronged me in your heart, but you repented. Look up, love; I believe you. You saved my life. Must I not forgive the wrong you planned? Manuela, Manuela, I cannot say more now; he is gone. You are still my wife."

For a moment the miser held his wife in his arms, seemingly too much overcome to speak; then he rose, and half carried, half led his wife from the stage.

Only after they had gone did the audience move; then shouts of "Bravo! bravo!" rang out from all parts of the audience, and loud and long was the applause; but no one appeared to acknowledge it. Suddenly the curtain fell.

"It was a wonderful play," said the Prefecto Politico, as he rose to leave the theatre; "wonderful!"

"But did you notice," asked his pretty daughter, "that they forgot their names; that they called one another by their real names? Was it not strange?"

"I noticed it," replied the Prefecto Politico, deliberately. "It was a blot on an otherwise perfect performance. I ascribe it to the natural excitement of producing a new play. Am I not right, Señor Garcia?"

"I do not think it will happen again, señorita," answered the manager of the principal theatre in the capital.

"The stage may indeed be a mirror of life," sighed the Prefecto Politico; "but a play like that which we have just seen is impossible in real life. Such a thing could never happen really; but it made a very excellent play—it made a very excellent play."

MAY DAYS AT THE PLAZA.

City life has its various currents, possessing distinctive characters. The stream of humanity which flows on either side of the New York Post-office is composed of those who for the most part are earnestly engaged in bread-winning or money-getting. The hum of traffic dominates. Almost within a stone's-throw of the great business buildings in the locality are homes of squalid poverty that contribute more or less to the motley throng of people in the busy streets. The head-quarters of the municipal government is there, and the Tombs prison is close at hand. It is a centre *sui generis*. If the spot in the metropolis that presents the particular and greatest contrast with this be sought for, it is to be found in the Plaza at the southeast entrance to Central Park, a spirited and life-like picture of which, by Mr. Hawley, appears in the present issue of the Weekly. The scene here differs diametrically from the former in everything save a certain activity, and even that is of an opposite nature. The ruling motive in this case is recreation, and there are no homes of squalid poverty in the vicinity, but, on the contrary, those of notable wealth. May Fair is all about it.

The Plaza lies before the principal entrance of the chief pleasure-ground of New York, and there is no time in the year perhaps in which it presents a more interesting appearance than it does in these pleasant May days, when the weather specially invites the populace out-of-doors, and before our American substitute for "the quality" seeks the country and the shore. Through this ganglion, as it were, of the nervous system of the city course vehicles in infinite variety to and from the Park drive. Equestrians, who seem yearly to grow more numerous, of both sexes appear with frequency. Nor are pedestrians lacking on the sidewalks and crossings. These are for the most part making their way to and from the Park walks.

The Plaza is to New York largely what Hyde Park Corner is to London, and the entrances to the Bois de Boulogne, the Thiergarten, and the Prater are respectively to Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. It is suggestive, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, of each and all of these, and also of the fact that the distinguishing points of difference in the great cities of civilization are becoming less and less marked as time passes. Dissimilarities in the vehicles, dress, and general appearance of the well-to-do classes are all but obliterated, and on the chief streets of the capitals of the world even the marks of a distinctive national architecture are rapidly disappearing. A glance at the Plaza reveals omnibuses that might be seen passing Apsley House or on the Paris boulevards, and coaches, victorias, coupés, dog-carts, etc., that are now peculiar to no special locality. The Hansom cab, which was exclusively English five or six years ago and a curiosity in New York, has now become common. The white-aproned and white-capped nurse-maids with their baby-carriages on the Plaza, might have been set down there from almost any European city; the equestrians might have been translated from Rotten Row; and the horses disfigured by amputated tails bear sad testimony to the fact that the brainless fad responsible for the deformity may prevail against the sense of the ridiculous and regard for looks as well in one part of the world as in another, and is no index of locality.

The authorities did well when they secured this area from private ownership, and made provision for the amply demonstrated public need at the point where the finest avenue of the city and the best residence districts find their chief access to the Park. The "Circle" at the Boulevard and Eighth Avenue entrance has been similarly and wisely set apart, and is correspondingly useful. But the Plaza is the more important spot, and will hold its supremacy indefinitely. The immediate architectural surroundings of the Plaza are in a very irregular and unsatisfactory state, and present a marked contrast to what might be properly expected there, and what will doubtless be seen in a comparatively short time. The new hotel to be opened in the fall, which occupies all the west side, is well enough, and consonant with the dignity of its location; but on the east side, on Fifth Avenue, yet remains a string of low wooden houses, or sheds, that can only be tolerated in view of the appropriate buildings that must soon rise on their site. The value of the property precludes the erection of anything but structures suitable to the place and in accord with the residence neighborhood in the immediate vicinity. In this are the finest dwellings in the city, including those of the Vanderbilts and others. Upon certain vacant lots near by residences are in project that will confirm the character of the district outlined, and render the Plaza a more notable centre even than it is now.

This part of New York in fact is but just taking on its permanent shape. The east side of Fifth Avenue fronting on the Park from the Plaza north is gradually putting forth unmistakable evidence of what that part of the avenue, whose houses are particularly favored as to frontage, will become. The vacant spaces are constantly growing less and the line of handsome establishments more continuous. When the unfinished condition of things at and near the Plaza, now somewhat unpleasant to the eye, gives place to one of completeness, another of the chapters of the growth of the city may be considered closed in a very satisfactory way.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

Too much even of a good thing is tiresome; the saleswomen in the candy stores seldom taste the sweets they offer for sale. Even those most devoted to society, who most enjoy what it has to offer, and most uncomplainingly obey its demands, seem at times to become weary of its rush and whirl, and to greet with unconventional but not less hearty welcome the coming of the hour which puts an end for the time to "the season." The end is only temporary. One season is over; another season begins. Now it is dancing and dining, to-morrow it will be praying and penitence, and afterward racing on land and sea, sports of the summer, Bar Harbor, Newport, and Lenox. The name of the rose is changed, but the flower's perfume is the same.

The man and woman so capitally drawn by Mr. Smedley certainly seem well content that "the season" is ended. They are well satisfied, on the whole, with the work they have done in amusing themselves, and they do not regret it; but none the less are they relieved that the end has been reached.

Man when he is tired is an unreflective animal; woman when tired thinks. Look at Mr. Smedley's husband! His attitude is that of entire and absolute relief. For forty days and five no more balls and operas; no more late hours at night; no more early—or comparatively early—hours in the morning. The season has bored him; his yawn is not so much that of sleepiness as it is that of a man wearied of his work. But he has enjoyed the season thoroughly while it lasted; he is simply glad to turn his energies into another channel. But he is glad; there is no doubt about that.

The graceful little woman whom Mr. Smedley has so generously bestowed on him for wife is none the less glad that it is the end of the season, but her gratitude shows itself less obtrusively than does her lord's. Phyllis in an easy-chair is she, watching the events of the season to which this night puts an end pass before her in the flames of the fire; and though she is glad it is over, she feels a little regret that it is gone.

AN IMPROMPTU AFFAIR IN THE DAYS OF THE C

CODE.—From the Painting by Frederick James.—[See Page 382.]

MONTE CARLO.

There is, indeed, no better place than Monaco for a sceptic in general to exercise his scepticism, for things go on daily and nightly within its boundaries which are usually considered altogether immoral if not wholly irreligious—gambling on the grandest scale with all its attendant evils, of which suicide is not the least. Yet fortune joins with nature in crowning the principality in every respect. When the whole Riviera, Italian and French, was visited by the earthquake three years ago, which shook down countless houses and churches, and destroyed many a life along its course, causing panic wherever it passed, Monaco felt a tremor only, and the Casino covering the gaming-tables remained firm, solid, unscathed, and beautiful. Then, too, the place enjoys an ideal climate, an atmosphere pure and health-giving from blue sea and purple mountains, and no spot on earth—the earth, that is, as the writer knows it, and he has travelled much—can surpass it in beauty of situation and surroundings and general attractiveness. Lastly, its prosperity is such as in respect of any other place would be called phenomenal. Not to speak of the enormous profits of the gambling establishment, which during the year just passed amounted to more than half a hundred millions of francs, Monte Carlo is fast becoming *the* winter resort of the south of France. Whoever once makes a stay here during the winter months, and so comes to enjoy the truly unsurpassed climate and to compare it with others he is accustomed to, will be sure to return the succeeding year if he can, notwithstanding the temptations which the Casino offers him, and which he soon learns by experience are good things to keep away from. Visitors are accordingly ever on the increase. Many who used to pass the winter in Cannes, Nice, or Menton for the sake of warmth and sunshine come now in preference to Monte Carlo, where the average winter temperature is several degrees higher and the change of weather less frequent and sudden than in the places named. Innumerable villas now cover ground where two years ago there was no sign of human habitation, and there is at the present moment scarcely a nook or corner from the sea to the frontier of France that is not laid out for building, and worth its measure in bank-notes of large denomination. In some cases even villas have stepped over the frontier, and the mountain-side is certain to glisten one day with the white walls of rich men's dwellings.

Wealth is pouring in from every country, and signs of untold luxury are evident on all sides. Last year it was still possible for people of modest pockets to find a comfortable and respectable lodging within their means, but this year prices have gone up with such a bound that the mere rent for a place to lay one's head wellnigh exhausts any but a purse of the very fattest proportions. Already a year ago there were more hotels in Monte Carlo than in any other town of its size that the writer ever saw, and most of them of a palatial character; yet during the past twelvemonth another of gigantic dimensions has appeared, as if by magic, furnished and equipped from cellar to roof with an expense and luxury to take away the breath of all but millionaires. No wonder, then, that the hotel-keepers elsewhere along the Riviera have raised a howl of deeper indignation than usual against the prolonged existence of Monte Carlo, for, they say, not only does the Casino deprive them of great part of their guests' money, but the villas and hotels lately built in the shadow, so to speak, of that fascinating structure deprive them also of the very guests themselves. Of course the increase of visitors is commonly attributed to the attraction of the gaming-tables alone, and indeed it looks at first sight as if they really were the sole cause of it, for all the world seems to be seized by the demon of play; but upon a closer examination you see that such is not the case; and that much of the increase is composed of people who never flirt with chance. It is even very probable, judging from the example afforded by the gambling towns of Germany twenty years ago, that the abolition of the tables would make no difference in the number of visitors, for while there are very many who would not care to come if there were no opportunity to gamble, there are also very many who now stay away because of what they consider an abomination, and who would be only too glad to avail themselves of the climate were the atmosphere once purified of its moral rottenness. Be that as it may, it is nevertheless for the moment quite certain that the number of players at the Casino is augmenting in exact proportion to the number of visitors to Monte Carlo. This is evidenced with great clearness by the fact that as the town grows the building grows also. At the present time it is under process of enlargement by quite one-third of its previous size, the entrance having been set forward, and an entirely new wing being added to its eastern end. Furthermore, a pair of picturesque and comfortable lifts have been erected lately, to save visitors the trouble of going up and down the steep incline that leads from the railway station.

From all of which it will be seen that Monte Carlo is at the very acme of its prosperity, besides being a synonyme for ease, comfort, and luxury. It charms the eye, it brings health to the body, and, if one can keep away from the tables, content to the soul. But the difficulty lies in that "if." To remain in Monte Carlo without playing at least occasionally is a task worthy of Hercules, who is said, by-the-way, to have been the first discoverer of Monaco. The life of the place centres in the Casino. It overtops everything, and the proceedings inside of it are no less prominent in the thoughts and words of dwellers in the principality than its commanding exterior is to their eyes. Go where you will, you cannot get it out of your sight; talk with whom you will, and you cannot keep it out of your conversation. Its glittering roof covers not only the gaming-rooms and the offices of the administration, but a theatre and reading-room as well. In the former the best of plays and operas are given during the winter, and the delightfulest concerts by a perfect orchestra afternoon and evening throughout the year; while the latter contains the periodical literature of all countries. So that it is in the Casino that you are most likely to meet your friends or to find amusement in your moments of ennui. Unless, therefore, you have some absorbing occupation which requires all your time and energies, you are of necessity drawn for distraction to the centre of Monte Carlo life. When everybody enters the Casino, is it not the most natural thing in the world to do as your neighbor does, and enter also? Once inside, why not take a peep at the gambling? After a peep, why not try your luck too? And so on, and so on, until more likely than not you come out into the fresh air again with your pockets very much lighter than when you went in, and with an inward feeling of having been altogether foolish. Yet, unless you have the good fortune to possess a very strong force of character, you will soon repeat your foolishness, and then again, and then again, until you become so accustomed to the proceeding that you continue it as a mere matter of course, sometimes winning, but more often losing, for the chances of the "bank" are against you. If you can afford to lose, no harm is done; but woe betide you if you cannot afford to lose, or if you lose your head—a very much easier matter, by-the-way, than most inexperienced people think. In the latter case the value of money escapes you entirely. Gold, silver, and bank-notes lie heaped up or scattered about promiscuously, like shavings; the coins are tossed to and fro or raked in by the croupiers with a nonchalance and apparent carelessness which increase the simile. You feel that what you possess is of the same character, and you only realize the truth after it has slipped away like quicksilver and you have to take thought where you can find more.

Let us, however, take a look in detail at this most gorgeous gambling-hell. Outside and inside it is a beautiful congeries of different styles of architecture, the Moorish and the French of Garnier, however, predominating. Entrance is free to all decently dressed adults, with the exception of permanent inhabitants of the principality and of the *Département des Alpes maritimes* of France, unless they be members of the principal clubs. A small formality, however, must first be gone through with before admission is gained. As soon as you have mounted the broad flight of easy steps to the entrance you are met by a liveried servant, who asks if you have a card of admission, and upon your negative reply directs you to an office on your left. Here from four to six grave, black-coated individuals are always sitting, forming a kind of solemn tribunal, before which all who wish to enjoy the advantages of the *Cercle des Étrangers* must pass at least once. They give you a keen, quick, searching glance, ask your name (and, if you are very young-looking, your age), nationality, and present address, all of which is written down in a big ledger, and hand you a card which admits you to any room in the Casino throughout the day. You may also have a ticket for a week, month, or year, but you must then first produce a passport or other document establishing your identity. Opposite the office is the door to the cloak-rooms, and between them the wide way into the atrium. This great hall is marbled, gilded, becolumned, and bemirrored as though it were the antechamber to the palace of an emperor, and around it, near the ceiling, runs a graceful balcony, above which are two large pictures, one of the principality under some curious effects of sunlight, the other of Cap Martin. Out of the atrium open the theatre, reading-room, toilet-rooms, and play-rooms. Divans there are in plenty for the repose of the weary, and those against the wall separating the atrium from the theatre command a vision of perfect loveliness through the wide-open entrance doors—a summer-like scene in this elsewhere drear month of January; a flood of golden sunlight, a harmony of bright flowers, waving plumy palms, graceful eucalyptuses, stately araucarias, velvety grass, dazzling villas scattered apparently at hap-hazard among the silver-gray olive orchards that creep up the mountains to the faint yellow line of the far-off Corniche Road—the mountains of fair France, one of them crowned with a fortress that commands the whole principality, and could crush it to atoms with a few shot from its heavy guns. Near the fortress the gray tower of La Turbie, or rather the quarter of a tower, which is all that remains (the inhabitants of the village having used the ruins for centuries as a quarry) of an enormous *tropæa*—whence the name La Turbie—built by order of the Roman Senate to commemorate the Ligurian victories of the Emperor Augustus. We have got a long way from the Casino, but it is difficult to keep one's self within the walls of any building when there is so much glorious warmth and beauty out-of-doors, although the crowd in the atrium betokens clearly that many are of a different opinion. Out of the west end of the atrium opens the reading and writing room, a delightful apartment, whose windows give on the sapphire sea and on shining Monaco, set on its dark and gloomy rock like a diamond in an iron setting. The theatre, probably the most comfortably roomy one in the world, lies next. It is a square space, gorgeous with gilded decorations and dark red velvet, entirely without balconies, but with a kind of apotheosized organ-loft opposite the stage for the Prince of Monaco. Both, however, are subsidiary to the mysteries which lie behind two tall double doors in the east wall of the atrium. These open and shut without intermission from mid-day till eleven at night, a constant stream of people passing through them. Already by half past eleven in the morning a small crowd collects before each door, and rapidly increases in numbers when, just before twelve o'clock, trains from Nice and Cannes, from Menton, Bordighera, and San Remo, bring their daily complement of sight-seers and players.

The two crowds are kept in lines by officials, and await patiently the moment of entrance into what they hope will prove their El Dorado, talking the while in every language under the sun on subjects which without exception are all connected in some way with *roulette* or *trente-et-quarante*. How much this one lost or won yesterday; what a remarkable "series" of red that one had struck the day before; how the number thirteen had come out five times in succession to the discomfiture of the "bank," and the ecstasy of the players "on" it; the excellences of such and such a "system"; how so-and-so had lost five francs last year, and had to be sent away at the expense of the administration, and how he had turned up again the other day with a few hundred francs gathered no one knew whence, and playing with them had won nearly two hundred thousand; how such a one always stakes the "limit," with results usually disastrous to himself; how Monte Carlo compares with the former gambling towns of Germany; and so on and so on. Suddenly there is a movement along the waiting lines of men and women, and they part to give passage to servants in livery carrying strong-boxes which contain the money for the day. The doors open to give them entrance, but close again immediately, allowing no opportunity to the curious to know what passes out of hours behind them. The crowd goes on swelling until the clock strikes twelve, when the big brown doors are thrown wide open, and there is a mad wild rush, with a noise of hurrying feet, as of stormy waves dashing against the rocks of the coast. There is no politeness nor thought of any one but self. Women and weaklings are pushed aside by the strong, and more than one fall daily bears witness to the slipperiness of the well-waxed floor. Great part of this running crowd is composed of old hands, each anxious to get a particular seat at a particular table to which he is attached, either through habit or superstition, and failing which they will not play. The rush ended, a lull ensues and comparative quiet. They who ran are now seated around the tables. The croupiers call, "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" the balls rattle in the roulettes, and the excitement of the day begins. But the atrium is by no means emptied. All day long it is the scene of moving life: men and women of all ages and from all climes passing up and down, some in and out of reading-room and, during concert time or between acts, theatre, but most entering or leaving the rooms whose tall doors might well bear the inscription which Dante places over those of Hell. You may sit there and know by a glance in the faces of passers-by how fortune has treated each; for, strangely enough, all self-control—or shall we rather say all desire to conceal one's feelings?—seems to depart the moment one seeks the fickle goddess. The writer has seen hardened men and women of the world, diplomatists, statesmen, actors, and actresses, as flurried over losses and as delighted with gains as the veriest novice of eighteen innocent years who timidly tries his luck for the first time. There is a subtle influence in the roulette's rattle and the voice of the "tailleur" at *trente-et-quarante* that upsets the very strongest heads.

The play-rooms are three in number, opening into each other by great doorless arches, so that, were it not for the different style of decoration displayed by each, they might be called one enormous room of the shape of a capital T. The first room is in no way remarkable; but the second is a beautiful example of Moorish architecture and coloring; while the third is more properly a grand hall in the most florid French style of the nineteenth century, massive with gilding, and bright with a series of fine pictures representing scantily clothed women at various out-door amusements. During the day these rooms seem rather dingy, for all the windows are heavily curtained, and scarcely any light penetrates save that which falls from skylights immediately over the tables. But at night they are resplendent with great chandeliers blazing like midsummer suns, and reflected by many mirrors and much gilding. In the evening the women who play, as well as those who are there only to pass time—many of the prettiest no better than they should be—put on all their finest toggery. Bright eyes and jewels flash in every direction. Fair cheeks, all aglow with the excitement of gaming, shine above gowns of the latest fashion and costliest material. There is a buzz of conversation and a ripple of laughter, above which rise the ceaseless rattle of ivory balls, the sharp click of coin against the croupiers' rakes, and the ever-recurring phrases, "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" "*Le jeu est fait!*" "*Rien ne va plus!*" It would be interesting to know why ladies are omitted from the formula, for the *dames* are quite as numerous as the *messieurs*, and often much more reckless gamblers. All this glittering movement and magnificence was until lately marred more or less by the stuffiness created by innumerable gas jets and oil lamps; but that is now obviated in great measure by the introduction of electric lights in all places except just over the tables, where the oil lamps still remain, and are likely to do so. For there would be a fine state of affairs if, in the absence of lamps, the electric current should be cut off suddenly, where money lies about as plentiful as dust in the streets, and where one grab in the dark would amount to a prince's ransom.

At present there are six tables for *roulette* and two for *trente-et-quarante*, and at each of them play is continuous from the moment the doors open in the morning to the moment they close at night. The number of players during the day must be positively enormous. At no time are there less than sixteen around each table, and often there are quite forty, without considering the many, so to speak, perambulating players, who go from table to table, playing at each as long as they win, but quitting it at the first loss, and seeking another. Besides those who sit quietly, there are usually others who stand two and three deep behind them, pushing and shoving and quarrelling in their desire for gain. It is really an astonishing sight. The complete absence of self-suppression that characterizes players for the time being is in a sense most entertaining, for it brings home to one in forcible fashion the fact that the brute side of humanity is by no means such a thing of the past as some optimist philosophers would have us believe, but that it only wants a fitting opportunity to show itself in full strength. Quarrels are of such frequent occurrence as to cause no particular remark, save in very flagrant cases. Tempers are all high-strung, and it needs but the smallest touch or provocation to make them snap. When nervous with losses, the habitually meek become violent in language. Insults are flung which anywhere else in Europe would certainly lead to duels, but which here seem to pass unresented, save by angry words. Disputes about the ownership of a stake are, above all things, frequent. Indeed, you have to keep an uncommonly sharp lookout for your money, for if left a second on the *tableau* it is sure to be seized, or at least claimed, by one of the many scamps of both sexes who are always on the watch for such opportunities. Often and often the dispute grows so hot that the "bank" actually pays both claimants, unless the dishonesty of one or the other is clearly manifest. The writer once had a *masse* seized from between his fingers by a woman, who maintained stoutly that she had made the stake, and who called two by-standers to witness that they had seen her make it, which they did with due alacrity. Yet all three were lying, and the "bank" knew it, for two of the croupiers had seen the writer place the stake. He, therefore, was paid; but the woman would not give up what she had grabbed, and as there was no clear proof that she was not honestly mistaken, she was allowed to keep it, and, no doubt, subsequently divided it with her confederates.

On the other hand, you see occasionally a touch of warm-hearted human nature that excites feelings of a tenderer order than those aroused by such events. One evening lately a man was playing *trente-et-quarante* with an ill-luck that surpassed comprehension. Put his money where he would—*noir, rouge, couleur*, or *inverse*—it was presently drawn in by the "bank." Finally he pushed his chair back with a jerk of impatience, and arose from the table. As he did so a pretty little woman came running to him from across the room with a pained expression on her face, and looking up into his, inquired, "*Eh bien, mon ami?*" with a tone of infinite soothing tenderness in her voice. "*Eh bien,*" he replied, quietly; "*j'ai tout perdu!*" Whereupon, without a moment's hesitation, she thrust her hand into the reticule that hung from her belt, and pulling out a handful of gold and bank-notes, held it out to him, pleading, "*Tenez! allez vous refaire.*" And yet that little woman was neither his wife nor his sister, but of a sort commonly supposed to have no heart, and to go out of life as "one more unfortunate." Her friend, be it said for the sake of his manliness, refused her offer, although she continued to urge it upon him with tears in her eyes and a look on her pretty face that wellnigh brought tears to the eyes of the beholder.

It may here be said that all sorts and conditions of men and women frequent the play-rooms, but all are equal before Mammon. Princes of the blood gamble side by side with the small shop-keeper off on a holiday, and great ladies are content to sit next to strumpets. Indeed, the latter two categories cannot always be told apart, they are so alike in their apparel, and often in looks, while of the two the erring sister frequently wears the

least noticeable attire. It is even related that last year the Duchess of M—— (those who know the lady will easily realize the incident) during play happened to make a remark to her neighbor, a young Englishman, who rebuked her promptly, requesting in a low voice that she would not speak to him now, as his mother and sister were just behind him!

It is diverting in a high degree to watch the faces and actions of players. Nothing that you read in romances on the subject surpasses one tittle the reality. Faces flush, eyes glisten, hands tremble as they rake in the glittering coin or it is raked from them. The laughing, merry good-humor of the lucky; the nervous irritability, the profound melancholy, the vacant far-off stare of the unlucky; the tense nerves and fixed gaze with which they watch the ball as it circles or the cards as they turn, and the resultant smile or half-suppressed sigh according as they win or lose—all this is so common as to escape notice save from new-comers. Envy too, and hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, are depicted in the various countenances, old and young, around those masses of coin, plentiful as sand upon the shore.

Diverting, too, it is to watch the remarkable luck or ill-luck which follows certain players. Some have but to make their stake, and the ball or cards seem to obey their will; while others play over and over and over again till their pockets are empty without once winning, although most of the time they only just miss it. If they put on one number, the number next to it will come up; and if they change their number, that on which they staked previously will be called. It seems almost as if there were some mocking spirit with guiding hand to prevent their winning. Some are utterly cast down and rendered limp by repeated losses, walking slowly away from the table with dejected mein and abstracted look. Others push their chair away violently as they rise from their seat, wholly regardless of the toes, shins, and stomachs of those standing behind them. Others are downright angry, and swear at the table as though it were a personality with mind full of malice against the discomfited gamester. Some stake their money with confidence after deep thought, and apparently as the result of severe calculation based on a pile of little papers whereon they have kept the run of the game, and their faces take on an expression of surprise and disgust if they lose. Others make their game hesitatingly, slowly, and painfully, as though hating to part with the coin, sometimes changing its place or wholly withdrawing it before the dry "*Rien ne va plus!*" of the croupier sounds, and the loss of it contracts their muscles and brings a haggard look to the previously hopeful face. Others fling their money lightly all over the *tableau*, chatting the while to themselves or their neighbors, and seeming to care no more about the result than if they had no connection with it. And of course these are the very players that have the best luck and win most frequently. Every now and then a great gambler will put in an appearance, but you rarely see such overwhelming good-fortune as you read of, and as the renowned Garcia used to enjoy in the gambling towns along the Rhine. Nevertheless large sums are not infrequently won or lost. The writer saw once a quiet-looking individual win over one hundred thousand francs in the space of five minutes at *roulette*, and at another time over fifty thousand at *trente-et-quarante;* but that was three years ago, and he has seen no like case since.

Altogether, for one who is fond of studying human nature in its various phases, there is no more promising field of observation than Monte Carlo; for gambling emphasizes many of its strongest traits, and the very air here is saturated with the gambling spirit. In spite of the entrancing beauty of the gardens and surroundings, little is talked of save "luck," and play seems the object in life of every man and woman that one meets. If you see a person thoughtfully studying a note-book or package of papers, pencil in hand—and the sight is a very common one—you may be sure that person is calculating his chances, working up his "system," trying to discover why he lost awhile ago, or laying his plans for future play. Go into any hotel, restaurant, or café anywhere in Monte Carlo, and you will find the chief topic of conversation to be play. Stop at the head of the stairs that lead from the Casino to the railway station and note the remarks of those coming and going, and you will have the same experience. No matter what subject is broached, the talk is absolutely certain to work around in the end to those absorbing tables, without any one knowing how. Even people who do not play seem to catch the infection to the extent of taking an interest in others' fortunes; or else they become so heartily sick of the all-pervading subject that they take themselves out of the principality, bag and baggage. In the windows of the book-shops and on the counters of the news stands—and the same is true in Nice and Menton—you may see in profusion books and pamphlets, sold at prices not far short of their weight in gold, giving infallible "systems" for winning habitually with a small capital. Then, too, there are "professors" who have equally infallible systems, and who will teach you how to win in return for a certain percentage of your winnings. If you ask them why they themselves don't play, they will reply, in a hurt voice, that the administration had withdrawn their tickets of admission because they had solved the problem of how to win always. And these systems, according to the proverbial good-luck of beginners, *do* succeed for a time, just long enough to give the delighted player confidence in his game, when suddenly they go all to pieces, without the least warning, and the last state of the player under such circumstances is truly pitiable. It is said, however, that there really are people who succeed in making a living out of the tables. But they are old *habitués* who are content with small gains, who never allow themselves to enter the rooms with more in their pockets than they are willing to lose, and who make it a rule to leave always the instant they have won their daily modicum. It may not be out of place to say here that the hopes all new-comers entertain of breaking the bank are quite vain, for the bank of Monte Carlo never breaks. Almost unlimited capital may be produced at a moment's notice, and if one table is near to losing all its stock in hand (an event which the writer, who has passed three winters here, has not yet known of), more will be brought immediately, and the game goes on without intermission. The limit of a stake at *trente-et-quarante* is twelve thousand francs, and more than that cannot be won or lost at that game at one time. But at *roulette* more may be won or lost, although the limit of any one stake in this case is only six thousand francs; for by placing the limit on every point simultaneously on which a stake may be put, and by risking in consequence something over thirty-one thousand francs, a sum amounting to more than one hundred thousand may be won at one single lucky turn. There are thirty-six chances, however, to one that the turn will be contrary, and that some at least, if not all, of the thirty-one thousand francs will go to swell the profits of the bank.

The most reckless players are Russians. They are born gamblers, and they seem to have bottomless pockets, scattering their gold about as if they had the mines of Siberia at their backs. They all play for amusement, and apparently care not a straw for the result. There is a young Russian girl this winter in Nice of the age of fifteen, who comes over occasionally with her brother and governess for a few days' distraction. She plays exclusively with gold, and she almost invariably wins; but when she loses she takes the matter with perfect indifference, and goes back to her fond guardian at Nice with the same placidly happy and smiling face she had upon her arrival.

Superstition is of course rampant. Some seek the numbers on which to play in the date of the month, their age and that of their sweethearts, their birthday and name-day, the number of their room at the hotel, of the car or carriage in which they came, of their railway ticket, of the check given them in the cloak-room when they deposit their impediments. Others will not play at certain tables, nor on certain days, nor if they see in the rooms certain faces which they have come to regard as their evil geniuses. On the other hand, to see and touch a hunchback brings unbounded good fortune, so that the moment one appears he is forthwith beset by a shameless crowd eager to touch his hump, and quite regardless of the poor man's feelings. A hangman's rope which has been in actual use, or that of a suicide by hanging, is considered of like efficacy, and strands thereof are in great demand. B. U. N.

THE LAST OF THE "SLIPS."

It was in the year 1615 that the good ship *Tiger*, Captain Adrian Blok, surmounting the perils of the tortuous channels in the Lower Bay, dropped her anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a couple of hundred rods or so off the present site of Castle Garden. She carried as passengers a company of Dutch traders which, including women and servants, numbered about twenty-five, who had come to join a small settlement of their countrymen already located upon the island of Man-hat-ta about two years previously. The glowing reports that this first group of traders had forwarded to Holland had inspired the second expedition with the true Dutchman's readiness to risk his life and all for a share in the "soft things" to be found in trading with the Indians. They brought with them a cargo of assorted trinkets, such as would best catch the infantile fancy of the guileless aborigines, and a goodly quantity of "schnapps." This was Captain Blok's first voyage to the country so recently visited by Henry Hudson, and the safe disembarkation of his ponderous passengers and their precious cargo was as yet a problem. Surveying the shore from the deck of his high-pooped and square-stemmed craft, the outlook was certainly not reassuring.

For a Hollander, Blok was decidedly enterprising, and he lost no time in getting out his yawl-boat that he might search the shores for the landing-place of the preceding colony of traders. He spent but little time in examining the shore of the Hudson, which he found on closer inspection was practically impassable because of the thick growth of indigenous scrub oak and thicket; passing also the inhospitable rocks now covered by the beautiful greensward of the Battery Park, he rounded this point into the turgid waters of the East River. Captain Blok's search for a landing-place was now at an end. He had no sooner turned the prow of his yawl fairly into the East River than he discovered a delightful little cove in the banks, at the foot of which was found a small brook discharging its waters into the river. The channel of the brook indicated to Blok's experienced eye that when the tide was full there was a set-back of the river waters for quite a distance inland, creating a stream of some considerable depth. This was what he sought, and adopting the same measures as were customary on the tide-water canals and estuaries of Holland, he brought the *Tiger* to an anchorage in the cove at high-water, and so close inshore that at low tide she was all but high and dry. His passengers and cargo unloaded, the first permanent settlement on Manhattan Island was made, and called New Amsterdam. The point of Blok's debarkation was but a few rods below and to the left of the stretch of shore shown in the first picture on page 388, and known in modern locale as about the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, which in those days was on the water-line.

This primitive method of discharging cargoes was pursued until a short time after the accession of Peter Minuit as Director-General, when it was slightly improved upon by the building of a small wharf out from a point now known as Pearl and Moore streets. The wharf was built by one Litschoe, who kept a tavern hard by; but as it only extended a little beyond low-water mark, vessels were still compelled to unload their cargoes into flat-boats or scows, which in turn unloaded at the wharf, the owners paying for the privilege in patronage of Burgher Litschoe's tap-room. In 1658 this wharf was extended about fifty feet, and became available for docking purposes to the larger vessels of the day.

Under the administration of Walter the Doubter (Van Twiller), New Amsterdam began to assume the aspect of a considerable town. A proper care for the shipping interests was of the first importance to the colony's welfare, and which the Governor and the Burgomasters endeavored to appreciate. They first contemplated a system of intersecting canals for Manhattan Island as in Holland. They smoked many pipes over the project, and sometimes talked about it, but the expense of penetrating the rock-ribbed backbone of the island deterred them from any action; so they sat smoking and drinking while dreaming of the fading glories of Van Tromp and profitable trades with "Poor Lo." Failing in any conclusions for the betterment of the shipping, the worthy but procrastinating burghers allowed the question to settle itself, which it did, and from the little personal speculation of the tavern-keeper was evolved the system of docks and slips, which, having served their purpose more or less acceptably for two hundred years or more, have now become a memory.

The Dutch merchants all sought to build their houses close to the East River front and near to the Whitehall, and almost all were occupied both as warehouses and dwellings. Their improvements of the water-front were of an unsubstantial character, and therefore impermanent. All vessels coming into the port were compelled by law to find anchorage between "Copsie Hook" (the Battery) and "Smit's Vly" (Maiden Lane). The reason for this regulation is lost to present determination, but it is possible that the object was to centralize the labors of custom-house or port officials in a circumscribed space. The Dutch were most economical in their expenditure of physical energy and in the wear of shoe-leather.

The high-road leading from the fort to and through the business section of New Amsterdam was known in part as Dock Street, and also as Perel Street. The Pearl Street of to-day, three blocks back from the river, follows the line of the old highway then on its brink. When, in 1642, the necessities of visiting strangers required more extended and better accommodations, it was decided by the Burgomasters that a public tavern be erected for their benefit. It was located on Pearl Street, exactly at the head of what became later on Coenties Slip, and was known as the Stadt Huys. The house was a great, clumsy, stone affair, and, as stated above, its primary purpose was the entertainment of travellers. Its use, however, was not thus confined; it served also as a school-house, warehouse, and jail until the town was incorporated in 1652, when it acquired the functions of a city hall. An excellent sketch of the building from an authentic print is given on page 388, where it is seen to be within a few steps of the river. The location of its site in the second illustration is identical with that of the two high-peaked warehouses that appear at the head of the modern Coenties Slip. Part of the foundations of the old City Hall are said to be embraced in the substructure of these two warehouses.

After the final cession of New Amsterdam to the British in 1674, a large influx of English, Scotch, and Yankee emigration followed, and under their energetic influence a fairly good system of docks was inaugurated and largely completed by the year 1700. Extending from Whitehall to the line of Coenties Slip was a large basin divided half-way through the centre by a long pier jutting out from the foot of Broad Street, then called Exchange Slip at its lower end. The basin was enclosed on the river side by two wharves, semicircular in shape, with an opening just sufficiently wide to allow a full-rigged ship of those times to pass through handily. This basin was a haven of safety to the skippers in winter-time, the heavy fields of floating ice often making an anchorage in the stream extremely hazardous. After the building of the Exchange Slip pier the basin was known as the "East Dock" and the "West Dock." The "New Docks" were finished about 1700, and extended from the line of Wall Street to Peck Slip. They were rectangular in formation, but otherwise built upon the same general plan as the old basin.

Under the impetus of these improvements and the general prosperity of the city, the shipping trade increased enormously. The arrivals of ocean craft numbered but eighteen in 1678, whereas in 1696 there were 164 entered at the Custom-house, besides coasters and river boats innumerable.

With the turning of time's cycle into the eighteenth century was commenced the reclamation of lands under water along the East River, and by the year 1737 Water Street appears as the boundary line, and Pearl Street is one block inland. Coincident with this filling-in process the improvement of the slips was begun, and the docking facilities of the city largely augmented. The first of the slips made a docking place was Old Slip, at the foot of the hill below Hanover Square. It was filled in and built upon early in the present century, but still retains its familiar name. Exchange Slip, at the foot of Broad Street, was the next improved. It opened into the "Old Dock," and took its name from the Merchants' Exchange, which stood at its head, at the corner of Broad and Bridge streets. It was filled in when the shore line was carried out to South Street.

The crib-work that enclosed the waters of Coenties Slip was built about the year 1735, and to Coenach Ten Eyck, a Dutch merchant who owned the property on its northern boundary, is due the peculiar name. This was in old times the most important as well as the largest of all the slips, its docking accommodations being threefold greater than any other. By 1790 it had become the headquarters for most of the vessels engaged in the Hudson River traffic, and for many years was familiarly known as the "Albany Basin." It maintained its monopoly of harbor for this class of boats until a rival basin on the Hudson River front drew many of them away from their old berths. The slip was not then overburdened with trade until the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, when it once more became crowded, but almost entirely with "canallers." It is within the easy memory of men not yet fully matured, that every-day sight of urban canal life apparently enclosed within the stone pavements and brick walls of a big city. Coenties was the last of the old-time slips, docks, and basins to give way to the march of improvement on the water-front. It is only about ten years since it was filled in to South Street, and a uniform bulkhead line completed from Whitehall to Corlears Hook. In its later days occasionally would be seen an ocean craft unloading cargo directly into her owners' warehouse on the line of the slip, and it served well to illustrate to the present generation the close communion that formerly existed between the warehouse on shore and its "tender" afloat. The old mercantile houses that formerly crowded the land space on either side are gone, all of them except one, which is still in active business on the same spot where it was established by an ancestor of the present proprietors in 1798. This is the house of E. & R. Mead & Co., wholesale grocers.

Other slips on the East River at the beginning of this century were Coffee-house Slip, at the foot of Wall Street; Lyons, now Burling, Slip; Beekman Slip, at foot of Fulton Street; Peck Slip; New, now James, Slip; Catherine Slip; George, now Market, Slip; Charlotte, now Pike, Slip; and Rutgers Slip. All these were filled in before 1850 with the exception of Coenties, as stated above. Besides the public slips and docks there were in 1750 on the East River the wharves belonging to Isaac and Nicholas Gouverneur, Robert Murray, Walter and Samuel Franklin, John and Henry Cruger, Hugh and Alexander Wallace, Leonard and Anthony Lispenard, Philip Schuyler, Anthony Van Dam, William Walton, the Livingstons, Delafields, Beekmans, Constables, Ten Eycks, Schermerhorns, Beaches, and Halletts. Most, if not all, of these merchants were ship-owners as well, and as England was then as now "queen of the seas," the vessels were of the best class. The long war with France, that lasted from 1753 to 1764, presented a golden opportunity, and from legitimate merchant traders many of the New York ships were turned to privateersmen, and scoured the seas under "letters of marque" from the royal Georges.

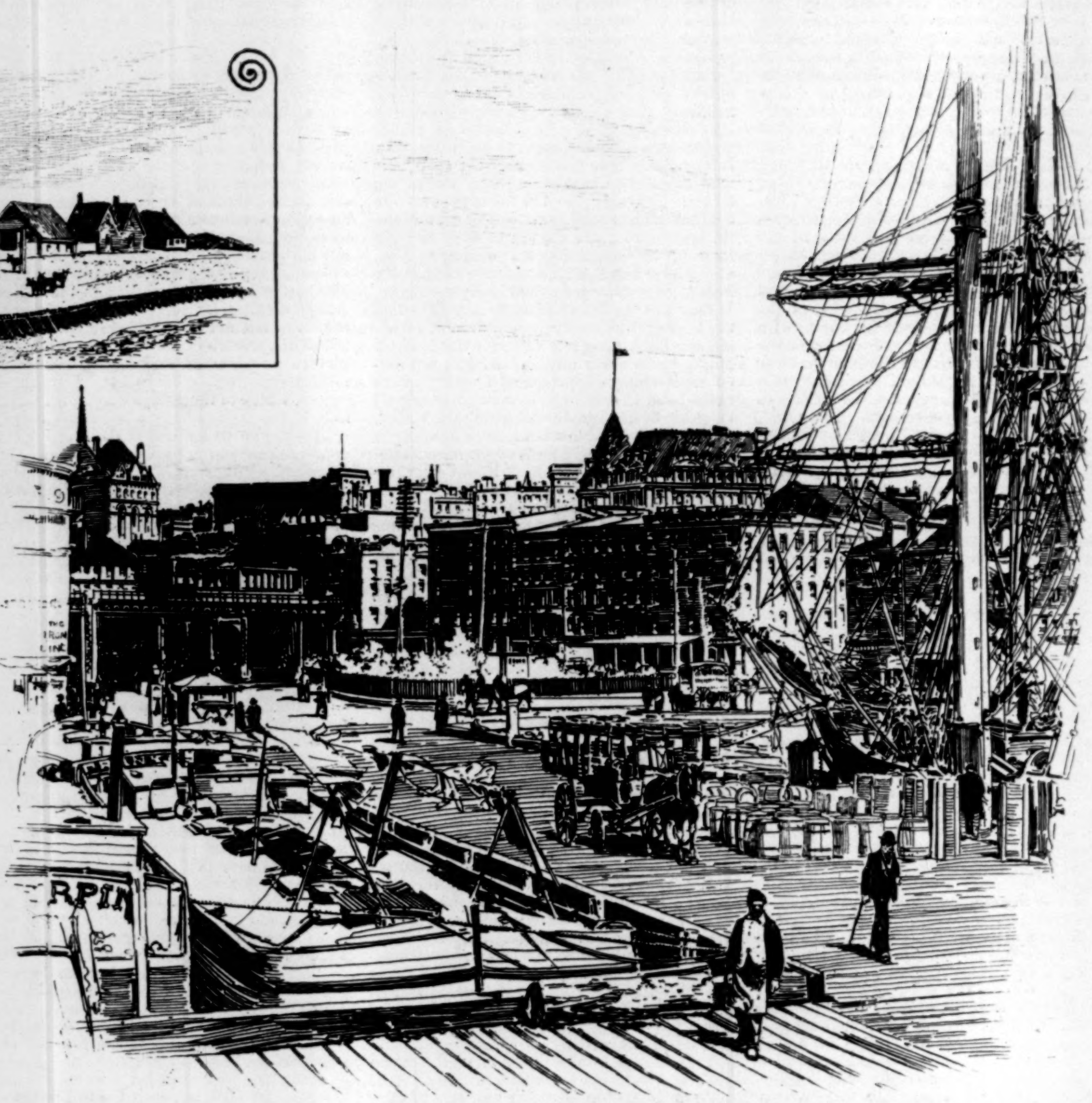
The prizes of these privateersmen were brought to New York in great numbers, cargoes discharged, rechristened, and put again to sea, in turn seeking prey also. Tradition says that the skippers were not always particular as to what flag their ocean quarry might fly, whether of friend or foe, and that many a bottom belonging to nations at peace with England was seized by unscrupulous captains, and conscientiously despoiled by equally unscrupulous owners; and it is further said that more than one of the big fortunes of the metropolis owes its birth to such a source.

The improvement of the Hudson River shore line was long neglected, though there was no real necessity for it, the East River front affording ample dockage for all the shipping of the port. This neglect was en-

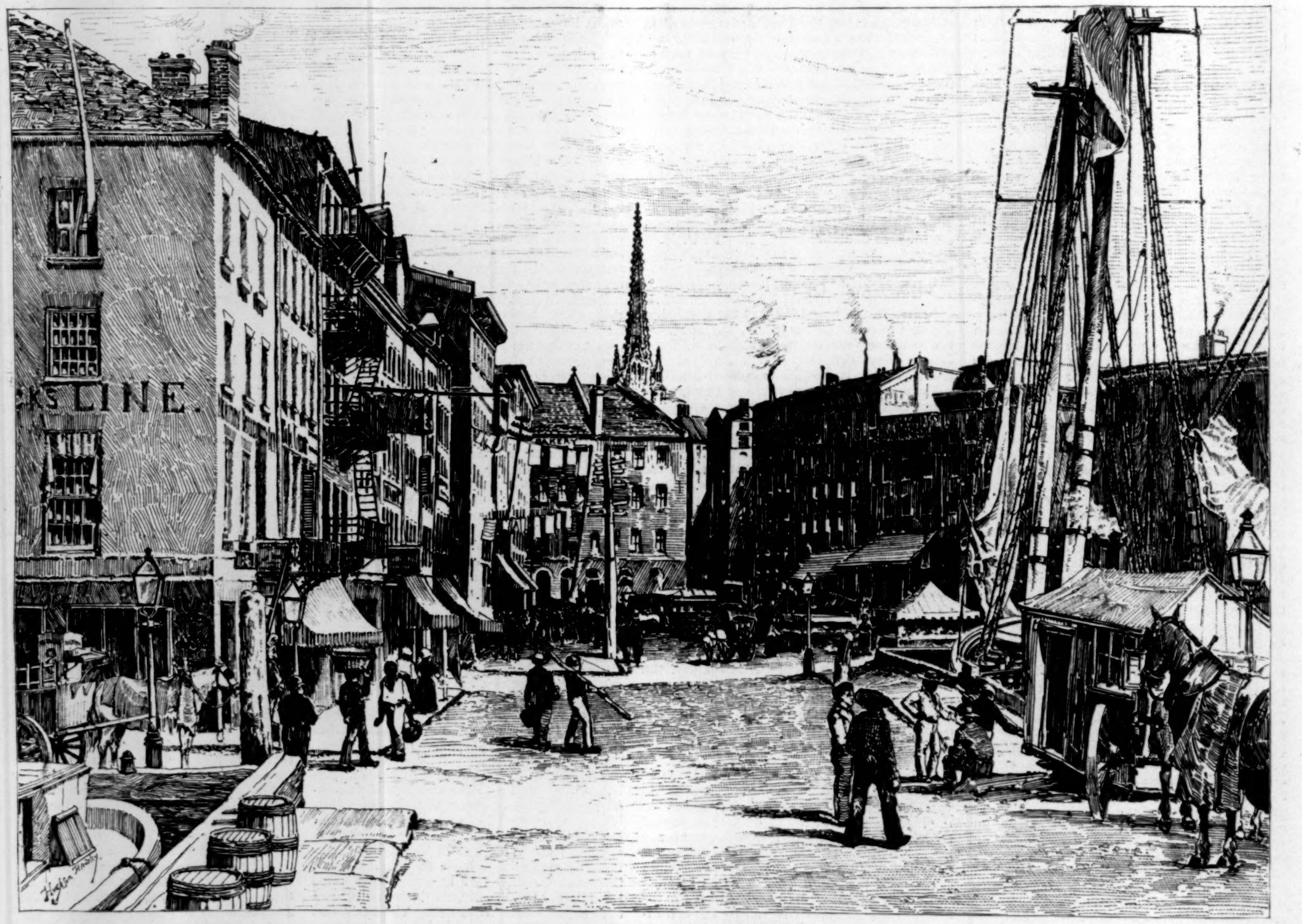
THE OLDEST CUT OF THE SLIP.

couraged by the fact that the business centre was in the southeastern extremity of the city. In the maps of 1750 there appear but three wharves on the Hudson River—Comfort's, Ellison's, and Rhinelander's—all located near the foot of the present Liberty and Cedar streets. After the Revolutionary war the city began to improve rapidly west of Broadway, and by the year 1800 we find wharves on that side of town known severally as Pollock's, Swartwout's, Cortlandt's, Bonsall's, Dey's, Rhinelander's, Deane's, and the Corporation Docks; also the new Albany Basin, at the foot of Albany Street. These increased in number but slowly, however, and it was not until the steam-ship era began to develop that dock-building on that side made any material progress. Since then the improvements here have out-paced those on the East River. When the plans of the Dock Commission are carried out, the Hudson River front, bordered by a street two hundred and fifty feet in width, with bulkheads of granite, and wharves uniform in size and structure, will present the grandest highway of commerce in the world.

SCOTT THOMPSON.

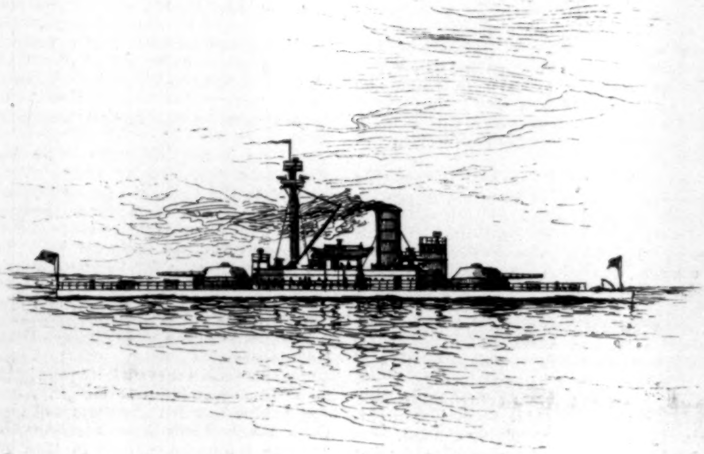


COENTIES SLIP AS IT IS TO-DAY.

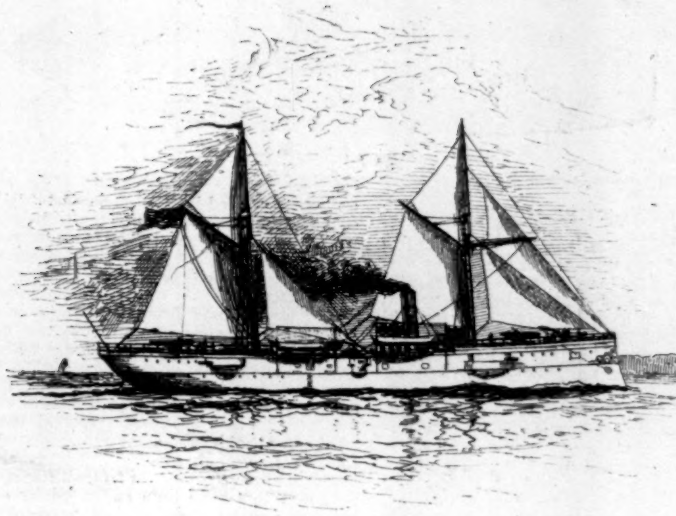


COENTIES SLIP AS KNOWN TO THE LAST GENERATION.

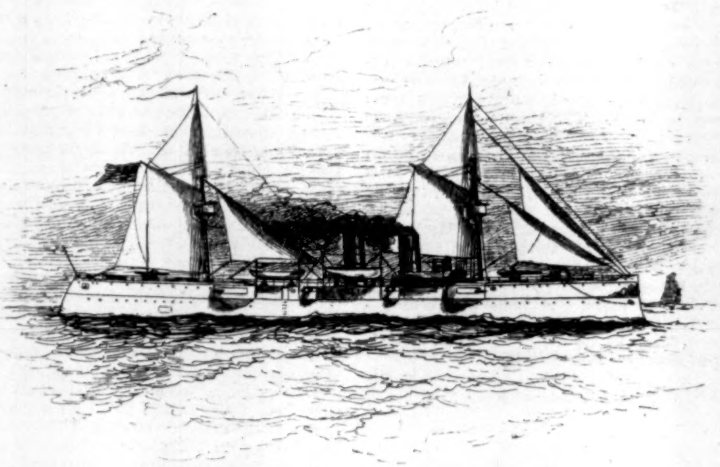
A TYPICAL NEW YORK SLIP.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 387.]



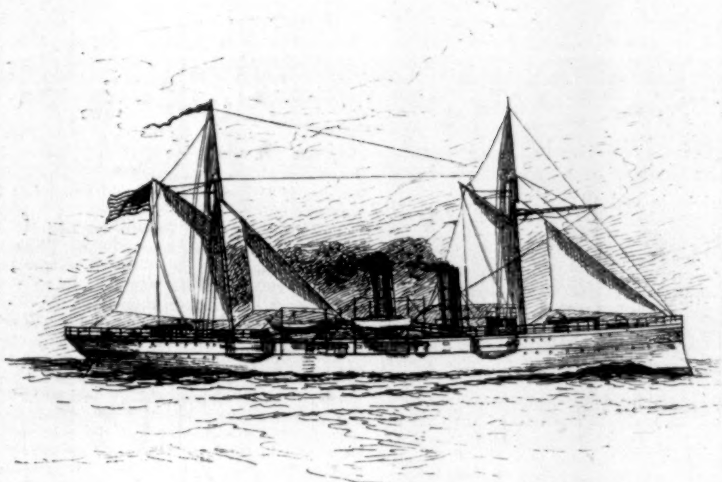
THE RECONSTRUCTED "PURITAN."



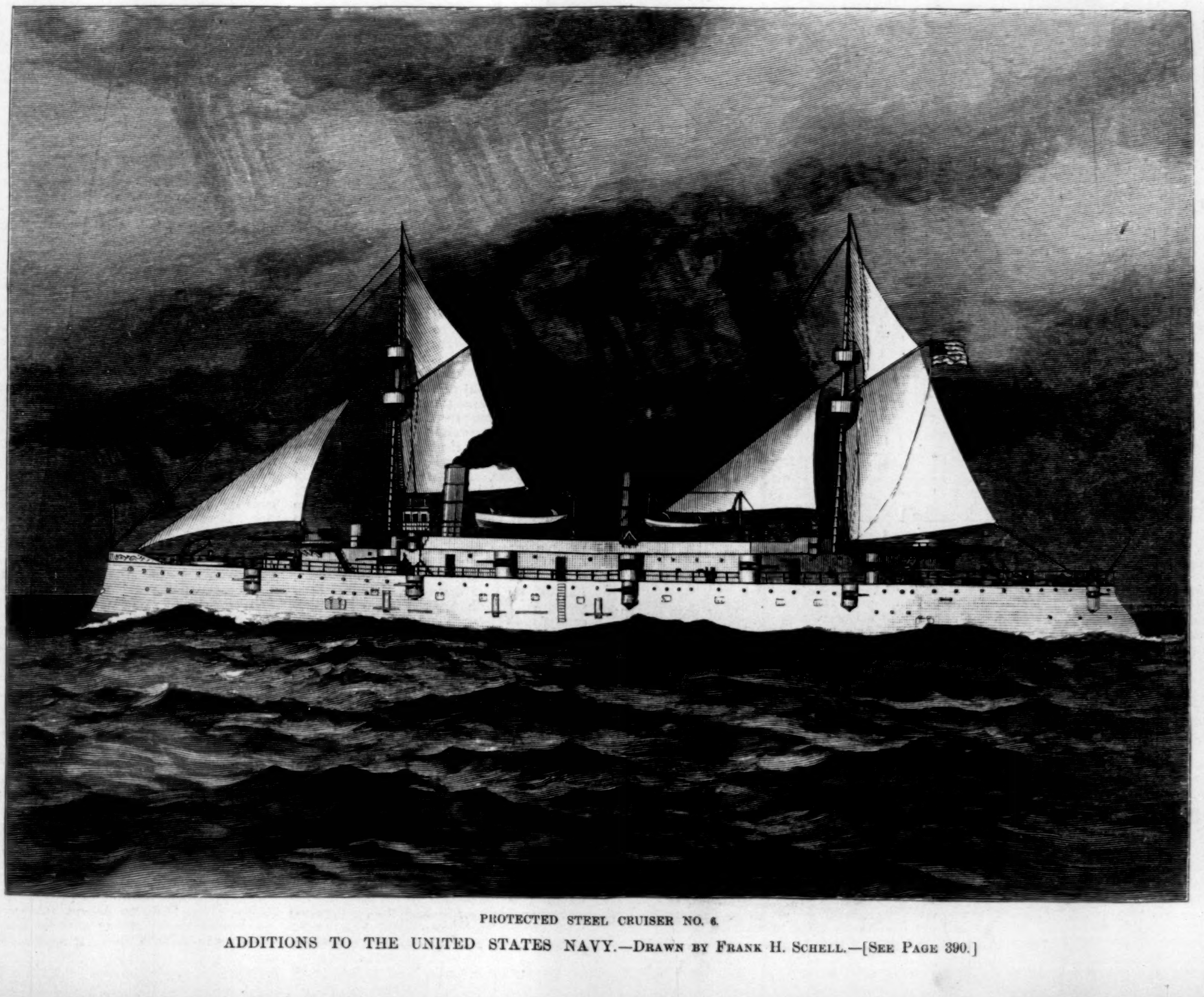
MODEL OF GUN-BOATS NOS. 5 AND 6.



MODEL OF PROTECTED CRUISERS NOS. 7 AND 8.

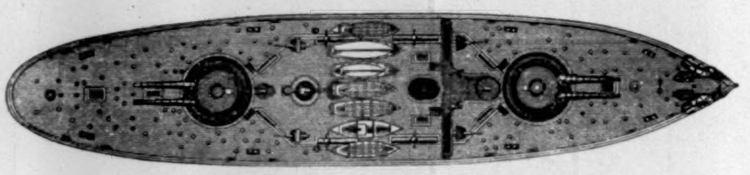


MODEL OF PROTECTED CRUISERS NOS. 9, 10, AND 11.



PROTECTED STEEL CRUISER NO. 6.

ADDITIONS TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 390.]



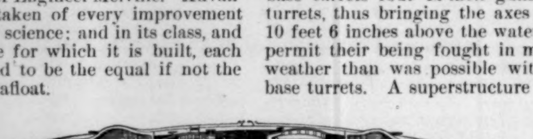
DECK PLAN OF "PURITAN."

OUR NEW NAVY.

OUR naval illustrations this week show five types of vessels upon which nine of the new ships authorized to be built by Congress prior to its present session are to be constructed. Of these eight have been contracted for, and are now building. For one—the 5500-ton protected cruiser—bids have been asked, and will be opened at the Navy Department on the 10th of June. There are still to be contracted for, under authority already conferred, an 8100-ton armored cruiser, a practice vessel for the Naval Academy (bids for these will also be opened June 10th), a ram, another dynamite cruiser, and the submerging vessel, better known as the Thomas monitor. Of those shown in these plates the *Puritan* is the only coast defender. She is heavily armored, carries a powerful battery, and is intended for either offensive or defensive

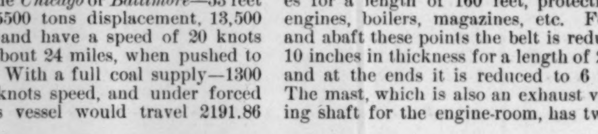
DECK PLAN OF CRUISER NO. 6.

operations in and around our harbors. In the other ships speed, coal endurance, concentration and rapidity of fire, a defence against high explosives, and the maximum of safety against accident (by means of a large number of water-tight compartments), have been the aim of the designers. They are commerce destroyers, scouts, the "cavalry of the seas," rather than an aggressive or defensive fighting force. All the new naval vessels have been designed in our own Navy Departments by Chief Constructor Wilson and his assistant, Constructor Philip Hichborn, U.S.N., and the machinery has been planned by Chief Engineer Melville. Advantage has been taken of every improvement known to naval science; and in its class, and for the purpose for which it is built, each vessel is believed to be the equal if not the superior of any afloat.



DECK PLAN OF GUN-BOATS NOS. 5 AND 6.

Protected Steel Cruiser No. 6—all the new vessels being designated by numbers until they are named by the Secretary—is the largest unarmored vessel yet designed for the navy. She is termed "protected," because a rounding steel deck extends the whole length of the ship, intended to deflect an enemy's shot, ranging in thickness from $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches on the slopes over the machinery space to 2 inches on the flat of the deck forward and aft. She will be 330 feet in length—15 feet longer than the *Chicago* or *Baltimore*—53 feet in breadth, 5500 tons displacement, 13,500 horse-power, and have a speed of 20 knots an hour, or about 24 miles, when pushed to her utmost. With a full coal supply—1300 tons, at $20\frac{1}{2}$ knots speed, and under forced draught—this vessel would travel 2191.86

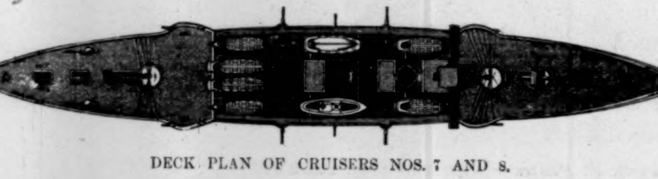


DECK PLAN OF CRUISERS NOS. 9, 10, AND 11.

knots in nearly four and one-half days; at a 10-knot cruising speed, under natural draught and full coal supply, her radius of action would be nearly 13,000 knots, with an endurance of 55 days. Her main battery consists of two 8-inch breech-loading rifles and ten 4 inch. The heavier guns are mounted on the centre line in barbette turrets (the guns revolving in the turrets instead of the whole turret turning, as in turreted vessels like the monitors) four inches thick, one at the forward and one at the after end of the superstructure, and train from directly ahead or astern to fifty degrees on each side abaft or before the beam respectively. The 4-inch guns are protected by fixed segmental shields 4 inches thick. The fire of all the forward and after guns respectively can be concentrated upon an object the length of the vessel directly ahead or astern. The secondary battery consists of eight 6-pounders, six 3-pounders, and fourteen machine-guns mounted, to be clear of the smoke and fire of the main battery, and for efficient action against boat attacks. The torpedo outfit consists of six launching tubes for Howell automobile torpedoes. When in commission she will carry 441 men and 25 officers, and is to be fitted as a flag-ship, with Admiral's cabin, etc. Electric lights, improved ventilating and drainage apparatus, and, in fact, all the conveniences that have been suggested by experience, will be placed in this formidable-looking craft, whose plans were made a special study by Secretary Tracy himself. The authority for her construction was given in an act of Congress approved September 7, 1888.

The *Puritan*, when completed, will be an exceedingly powerful man-of-war. She was originally designed as a double-turreted monitor, and her keel was laid in 1875 at Roach's yard in Chester, Pennsylvania, where her hull and engines were completed. Work was commenced on her under the altered plans June 26, 1889, and is being pushed very rapidly at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. The changes made consist chiefly in increasing her armament and armored protection, substituting for the four 10-inch guns in roller base turrets four 12-inch guns in barbette turrets, thus bringing the axes of the guns 10 feet 6 inches above the water, which will permit their being fought in much heavier weather than was possible with the roller base turrets. A superstructure is also built between the barbette turrets. The length of the *Puritan* is 291 feet; extreme breadth, 60 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; mean draught, 18 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; displacement, 6060 tons; horse-power, 3000 under natural draught, and 4000 with forced; speed, 12 and 13 knots, according to the horse-power used. The barbettes have a thickness of 14 inches of steel, backed by 8 of wood, and the armor belt is 5 feet 7 inches deep, 14 inches thick to a point 1 foot below the water-line, and thence tapering to 6 inches for a length of 160 feet, protecting the engines, boilers, magazines, etc. Forward and abaft these points the belt is reduced to 10 inches in thickness for a length of 20 feet, and at the ends it is reduced to 6 inches. The mast, which is also an exhaust ventilating shaft for the engine-room, has two tops or platforms, one for search lights and the other for revolving cannon.

Cruisers 7 and 8, each of 3000 tons displacement, are being built by the government, the first at Brooklyn and the other at Norfolk. They are twin-screw steel cruisers, with protective decks, great speed, and heavy batteries of rapid-fire guns. The act authorizing their construction was passed September 7, 1888. They have poop and forecastle decks, with open gun-deck between. Their length is given in the Chief Constructor's report at 300 feet; breadth, 42 feet; mean draught, 18 feet; horse-power, 10,000; speed, 19 knots; and displacement, 3183 tons. At full speed, with a coal supply of 556 tons, they could run 1243 knots in 2.59 days, and at 10 knots' speed 8652 knots in 36.5 days. The main battery consists of one 6-inch and ten 4-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles. The secondary battery comprises two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, one 1-pounder, and two 37 mm. revolving cannon. The amount appropriated for these two ships was $1,100,000. As all the bids when opened were found to be in excess of this sum, Secretary Tracy decided to build them at the navy-yards in which a ship-building plant had been authorized and provided.



DECK PLAN OF CRUISERS NOS. 7 AND 8.

Cruisers 9, 10, and 11 are each of 2000 tons displacement. Two of them are in process of construction at the Columbian Iron-Works, Baltimore, and one by Harrison Loring at Boston. These are twin-screw, coal-protected cruisers, and have about 300 tons more displacement (27 feet longer) than the *Yorktown* class. Their length is 257 feet; breadth, 37; draught, $14\frac{1}{2}$; maximum horse-power (forced), 5400; and speed, 18 knots. Their main armament consists of eight 4-inch and two 6-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles. The secondary battery is composed of four 6-pounder rapid-fire, four 3-pounder rapid-fire, and two 37 mm. revolving cannon.

Gun-boats Nos. 5 and 6, authorized by Act of March 2, 1889, are a little larger than the *Petrel* now in commission. They are in course of construction at Bath, Maine, and are small twin-screw steel cruisers, carrying on a small displacement a very powerful battery of heavy rapid-fire and machine-guns, a large supply of coal, and a complement of 150 men. Their principal features are—length on load-line, 190 feet; breadth (extreme), 32 feet; mean draught, 12 feet; displacement, 1000 tons; horse-power, 1600 tons; speed, 14 knots. The main battery consists of eight 4-inch 33-pounder rapid-fire breech-loading rifles, one on the poop, and one on the forecastle. The secondary battery consists of 47 mm. revolving cannon, two 37 mm. revolving cannon, and one 1-pounder rapid-fire, and one Gatling. The bunker capacity of coal is 250 tons, and on this, at a speed of 14 knots, she can steam 2452 knots. At 10 knots the horse-power required is 600, and she can steam 4668 knots at this speed. The rig is that of a two-masted schooner, with a foreyard and square foresail, spreading 6506 square feet of canvas.

OUR TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

DURING my stay in Lima, where everybody is indolent and everything more or less slovenly, one of my chiefest joys was to escape from the insipid horrors of the hotel restaurant, and to accept the hospitality of the French chargé d'affaires, whose gastronomic felicity was watched over by one Abdul by name, an Egyptian colored man, who possessed a rare talent for preparing macaroni in savory styles. At one of these little feasts, I remember, a consul from some equatorial town, who wore waxed mustaches twisted into long and menacing horizontal spikes, addressed me with Gallic fulsomeness and said, "You, who are this and that and the other, tell me how it is that the North Americans do not invest capital in this country?"

"Do you mean by this country Peru alone?"

"No," he replied; "Peru and the other South-American republics."

These were terrible questions to put to a man who was for the moment wholly absorbed in the enjoyment of Abdul's macaroni *à la Khedive*; but still, as the excellent consul had applied to me several flattering qualifications, I felt bound to improvise some generalities. The North Americans, I told him, did not know these republics enough, and from another point of view they knew them too well. The credit of Peru, for instance, was not of a nature to make the North Americans anxious to volunteer capital to that country. Hitherto the North Americans had found an abundantly large field for investments at home. As regards South-American loans, England had almost a monopoly of their issue, and there had therefore been no inducement for North-American capitalists to go out of their way to pay commissions to London bankers, so long as the New York bankers had plenty of good affairs to offer them. As regards trade with South America, I added, the case is similar, but more complex. The North Americans have until recently been fully occupied with the home markets, although individuals have gone abroad all the time and established themselves in various parts of the world; witness important business houses; witness also many railway and mining enterprises in Peru, Chili, the Argentine, and Brazil. But such efforts as these have always been isolated; they have excited no particular sympathy in the mother country; they have not resulted in the formation of any series of common commercial conveniences such as England, Germany, and France have created for their merchants and traders; in short, they have not given North America a definite position in the international commerce of the world.

It is needless to continue the transcription of my informal talk with the consul. His questions, however, suggested to me that it might be useful to sum up the few commercial notes that I made along the Pacific coast with the very inadequate lights of a non-commercial man. First of all, in a cruise from port to port all the way from Valdivia up to Callao, from latitude 12° S. to latitude 39° 50′ S., say $27\frac{1}{2}$°, I only saw one American ship, a lumber boat from San Francisco unloading at Callao. Any one accustomed to travel in these waters will tell you that the flag of the United States flying at a masthead is a rare sight in the Pacific ports. The foreign flags to be seen are English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. In his December message to Congress, President Harrison alluded to this fact in the following words:

"There is nothing more justly humiliating to the national pride, and nothing more hurtful to the national prosperity, than the inferiority of our merchant marine compared with that of other nations whose general resources, wealth, and sea-coast lines do not suggest any reason for their supremacy on the sea. It was not always so, and our people are agreed, I think, that it shall not continue to be so."

Further on in the same message President Harrison said:

"I recommend that such appropriations be made for ocean mail service in American steam-ships between our ports and those of Central and South America, China, Japan, and the important islands in both of the great oceans, as will be liberally remunerative for the service rendered, and as will encourage the establishment and in some fair degree equalize the chances of American steam-ship lines in the competitions which they must meet. That the American states lying south of us will cordially co-operate in establishing and maintaining such lines of steam-ships to their principal ports I do not doubt."

The above words suggest several comments which we will leave for a later paragraph. For the moment let us state a few plain facts about maritime communications along the Pacific coast, and more particularly with Chili, which is now the most progressive if not the most interesting of the republics on the western side of the Andes. At present there are seven lines of steam-ships plying between Chilian and foreign ports. These seven lines own seventy-five ships, with a total carrying capacity of upward of 200,000 tons, and trade to Panama, Liverpool, Hamburg, Havre, Bordeaux, Glasgow, Southampton, London, Genoa, and Barcelona. The steamers vary in size from 2400 to 6000 tons, averaging about 2600 tons. Most of them carry passengers as well as merchandise, and the combined fleets make 176 voyages each way every year. Besides the ships of these regular lines there are a few "tramps" coming from foreign ports to those of Chili, and, of course, a considerable number of ships employed in the coasting service of the South-American continent.

Two of these lines are subsidized by the Chilian government. The Compañia Sud-Americana de Vapores, founded with Chilian capital, receives annually the equivalent of $125,000 gold currency of the United States on condition of carrying the mails free, and government stores and officials at a reduction of twenty-five per cent., while in time of war these ships are at the disposal of the state for use as transports. The Compañia Sud-Americana is a very active and enterprising line, doing business all along the coast from Panama to Corral in competition with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which fact reduces its dividends to a very modest figure. The crews of this line are Chilenos, but the captains are all English or American, and the other officers all foreigners, and mostly English. The reason of this, I am informed, is that Chilian officers could not be found who would do the work and be content to sacrifice their regular comfort and interminable cigarettes to the irregular exigencies of busy coasting service. The Chilians shine rather in the easy and luxurious career of the navy. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which has a fleet of ten vessels plying in these waters, also receives from the Chilian government an annual subsidy of $50,000 gold for mail service alone; but the ships may not be used in time of war for transports, although in time of peace they are bound to carry government stores and officials on the same conditions as the Chilian line. Apropos of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, it may be interesting to mention that nearly fifty years ago Mr. William Wheelwright, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who was captain of a trading vessel on this coast, conceived the idea of a regular line between Panama and Valparaiso, obtained the necessary concessions, and went to New York to propose the business to the merchants there. But he labored in vain. No North-American capitalist would look at his project. In presence of this inexplicable indifference, Mr. Wheelwright went to London, and in a few weeks' time the Pacific Steam Navigation Company was formed, and in due course its ships opened a vast new field to English commerce.

The Chilian and the English lines appear to suffice for the business of the whole Pacific coast, both for lighter merchandise and passengers, the latter being sacrificed to the former. I do not mean that the passengers are badly treated. On the contrary, the cabins are most comfortable and the table good; but the waits in small ports to load or unload cattle, wheat, flour, vegetables, and other cargo are terribly long and frequent. From Valparaiso to Lima, for instance, takes twelve days, whereas in point of distance it might be done in half the time. It appears, how-

ever, that a direct and rapid passenger boat, even once a fortnight or once a month, would not pay. For that matter, people are never in a hurry in these parts; everybody is content to wait, smoke, talk politics, and drink *copitas*—that is to say, little glasses of "something to take."

To return now to the steam-ship lines on which international trade depends, let us consider first of all the time required for voyages between Chilian and foreign ports. From New York to Valparaiso by sailing-ship takes from 90 to 130 days. Communication between New York and Valparaiso by steamer *viâ* Panama takes at least 30 days, and often 40 days, according to the more or less speedy connections at the Isthmus. On the other hand, the voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso by steamer takes from 35 to 40 days; from Hamburg and Havre to Valparaiso, 40 to 50 days; from Genoa and Barcelona to Valparaiso, 50 to 60 days.

As regards the time of the voyage it will be seen that New York is at no disadvantage so far as the Panama route is concerned, but this route itself has insuperable disadvantages. In the first place, freights *viâ* Panama are very high; in the second place, heavy goods cannot be handled across the isthmus; and in the third place, fine and fragile goods meet with sure destruction at the hands of the Panama wharf hands. In the actual state of communications the North Americans are entirely out of the running, and Chili remains as she has been for the last forty years, a European, we might almost say an English, province. A glance at the freight rates will make this statement clear.

From New York to Valparaiso, *viâ* Panama, the freight is from $34 to $35 gold, United States currency, per ton, some abatement being obtainable on large shipments.

From New York to Valparaiso, *viâ* Liverpool, the freight is from $22 to $23 dead weight, and $23 to $24 measurement.

From New York to Valparaiso, *viâ* Hamburg, the freight is from $21 to $22 dead weight, and $22 to $23 measurement.

From New York to Valparaiso by sailing vessel the rates for freight are $8 50 to $9 50 dead weight, and $9 to $10 measurement.

On the other hand, the freights by steamer from Liverpool, Glasgow, Hamburg, Havre, and Bordeaux on rails, pig-iron, and other heavy goods vary from $5 50 to $6 75 per ton; on bar-iron, galvanized iron, and other similar goods $6 25 to $7; on measurement goods $10 to $13, according to the class. Recently some special lots have been carried from Liverpool to Valparaiso at $5 for dead weight, and $7 50 to $9 for measurement. On sailing vessels from Liverpool or Glasgow to Valparaiso the freights range from $5 to $6 25 dead weight, and $5 50 to $7 for measurement. From Hamburg special lots have been carried by sailing ships at $4 50 per ton dead weight, and $5 to $6 measurement.

The above figures require no comment. At present almost all the goods sent from the United States to Chili are of the rougher kind, while the fine goods are all ordered from Europe. The United States goods are carried eighty per cent. by sailing vessels direct, ten per cent. *viâ* Panama, and ten per cent. *viâ* Hamburg or Liverpool.

President Harrison, it would appear, has indeed good reason to regret the humiliating "inferiority of our merchant marine." The intermediary of England imposes itself in an equally humiliating manner in the matter of mails likewise. Whenever the State Department at Washington sends a book or report to the Minister at Santiago, for instance, it reaches him *viâ* Liverpool. Again, the letters which are carried from New York to Colon by the ships of the Pacific Mail Company are transferred at that port to the care of an English consul, who forwards them from Panama on the ships of the English Pacific Steam Navigation Company, although it is notorious that the ships of that company, almost every trip, take two, three, and even four days longer than those of the Chilian Compañia Sud-Americana, which leave Panama at the same time.

Another "humiliating" point not mentioned in the President's message is the absence of banking conveniences between North and South America. For instance, a firm of agricultural machinery makers, established in Boston, Massachusetts, we will say, is represented in the Argentine Republic by a Scotch importing house, and in Chili by an English importing house. The firm sells in a year more than half a million dollars' worth of machinery through their agents in the two republics, and this sum is remitted to them through a London bank, which takes a higher commission than North-American banks would charge for a similar operation. The American houses themselves in Peru, Chili, the Argentine, Brazil, and other parts of the continent, are obliged to have recourse to the intermediary of the English banks to pay such balances as cannot be covered by exchange of merchandise. Indeed, it has been calculated that at the present day, for their business with the United States alone, the South-American republics pay one million dollars gold a year to the London banks as commission on drafts and exchange. Thus it appears that the United States, in all commerce with the republics of the South, must necessarily remain the tributary of England so long as there are no American banks at the other end of the hemisphere.

Unprovided with means of transport and with facilities for banking, the commerce of the United States with South America is most heavily handicapped in the competition with England, Germany, and France. But this is not all. It is not enough to have arms, unless you have good champions to handle them; and it is useless to disguise the fact that, compared with that of England, the commerce of the United States has hitherto not been represented, on the Pacific coast, at least, in as brilliant a manner as could be desired. There are exceptions to be made in favor of a few old-established houses; but these are very few indeed. As for the railway and mining pioneers who have gone to South America to seek fortune, and often to find her, they have not helped to establish international commercial relations of a durable nature, and in some cases they have contributed largely to diminish the prestige of the country from which they came. A case in point is the recent fiasco of the original promoters of the North and South American Construction Company.

This affair has dealt a blow to American commercial prestige in Chili which it will take years to efface, and its failure is to be attributed almost wholly to the personality and conduct of the men who came to Santiago to attend to the business of the enterprise. This contract for the construction of ten railway lines of a total length of nearly 1000 kilometres, at a cost of £3,542,000 sterling, was signed with great expectation and satisfaction on the part of the Chilian government and its President with the representatives of the American company. It was hoped that it would be the beginning of closer and more extensive relations with the United States; and, given the attitude of the government and the importance of the contract, the Chilian banks were all ready to back up the contractors with as much money as they wanted. Unfortunately the representatives were badly chosen; certain incidents scandalized the Chilian bankers and the public also; and the end of it was a fiasco and the transfer of the whole contract from the American company to Don Julio Bernstein, a most intelligent and capable business man, who shares the opinion of Pindar in thinking that water is the best of drinks—ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ. The consequence of the transfer is that the bridges, locomotives, and rolling stock for these new railways, instead of being ordered from the United States, as they would have been had the contract not been transferred, are now being made in France at the Creusot Works. Doubtless the North Americans could have made some if not all the bridges as well and as cheaply as Schneider & Co. "But that is not all," says Don Julio. "The bridges have to be put up after they have been sent out here in pieces, and I have no confidence in North-American fitters. I am convinced from past experience that the men sent to do the work from the States would be half of them drunkards, whereas the five hundred fitters that the Creusot Works will send will be picked men, sober, thrifty, and orderly, as the French workmen are."

In a question of such importance as that of the extension of foreign commerce no evidence is to be neglected, even such as may at first sight appear trivial. The reputation made for a nation by its individual representatives in other countries is most important, and there can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial observer that the prestige of North-American business men at the other end of the hemisphere, and particularly in Chili, is not such as we could have hoped to see. Indeed, a philosopher of a sarcastic turn of mind might write a curious chapter on the influence of the invention of the "cocktail" on the development of the foreign commerce of the United States. However, we need not dwell any longer upon these regrettable details. The point we wish to make is clear. If the United States wish to compete seriously with England and Germany in South America, they must send out some of their best business men and some of their most polished and cosmopolitan "drummers."

One of the first conditions of doing business with people is to study their wants, and sell them what they need on terms that suit them. This is where the English, and more especially the Germans, excel; and this is the reason why the Germans are year by year gaining a more solid hold in the South-American markets. The flaxen-haired, bespectacled, and irrepressible Teuton, armed with three or four foreign languages and a selection of homely virtues, plods through the country, studies the inhabitants, learns their ways and wants; and if he has not in stock wherewithal to supply them, he asks the home manufacturers to produce a special article. This, it appears, the North-American manufacturers will not do. Time after time and town after town I have asked the same questions, and received the same answers. Apart from all details of price, it is said to be difficult to do business with North-American houses, because they refuse to attend to little details and modifications which are essential to the interests of the Peruvian or Chilian importers. Another complaint universally made throughout South America against the North-American exporters is that their packing is very poor, and their goods arrive in bad condition. This detail of packing is of the utmost importance in shipping goods to any country in the world, and even in despatching a box to the nearest town; but when it comes to shipping goods to South America, good packing is more than ever necessary, for the reason that both the Atlantic and the Pacific ports are, with few exceptions, unworthy of the name. At Montevideo the steamers anchor some two miles from shore, and lighters are indispensable. At Buenos Ayres there is not yet any port ready for the ocean steamers, which anchor some twelve or fifteen miles out, thus necessitating transshipment by means of steamers and lighters, and finally by means of carts, which carry the cases ashore through the last shallow stretch of water. At Valparaiso lighters are used for the ocean steamers, although there is a mole. At Callao alone there are docks and quays of a more or less inadequate nature. As for the other ports, they are of a most primitive description so far as moles, quays, and wharf accommodations are concerned, and everywhere the cargo is handled in the roughest way. As for cargo sent by way of Panama, we have already referred to the disasters which await it from ferocious handling.

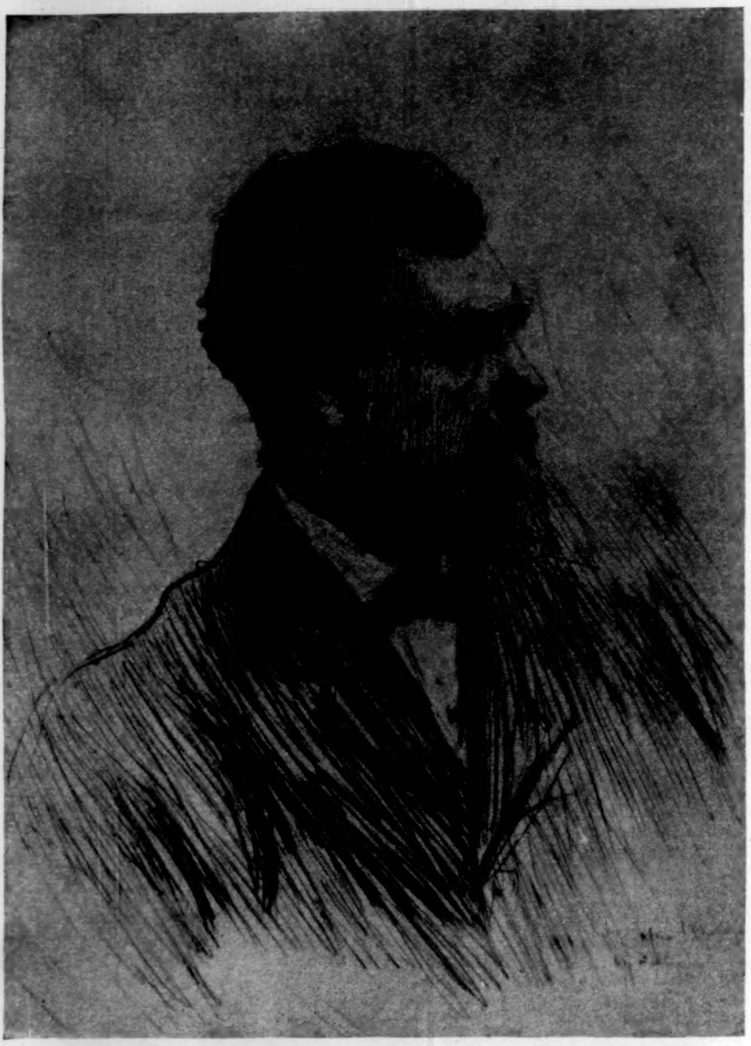
Yet another complaint made against North-American houses is that they are less accommodating in the matter of credit than the Germans and English. As things are managed at present, the traders of the United States often ship their goods by sailing vessel and their invoices by steamer, requiring payment by sight draft. The invoice and draft reach Valparaiso, we will say, in thirty-five days, while the goods arrive some sixty or seventy-five days later, perhaps in bad condition, giving cause for dissatisfaction and claims of various kinds. The Chilian customer naturally finds this system undesirable, and prefers to deal with the German or English houses, which grant reasonable credit, or, at any rate, do not demand payment until after delivery. All this is simply due to the fact that the North-American houses are not familiar with the commercial conditions of their would-be South-American customers. An easy way to overcome this difficulty would be the substitution of a banker's acceptance for the sight or time draft, and so far as Chili is concerned international commerce can place confidence in such establishments as the Banco Nacional de Chile, the banks of Valparaiso, Santiago, and Concepcion, and the private banks of Matte & Co. and Edwards. But if American capital and commerce intend to enter the lists of international trade in South America, the first and most obvious necessities are the creation of the same facilities as the other nations possess, namely, means of communication and of financial transactions at cheap rates and in convenient ways. Until this is done, the United States will go on losing South-American business, as happened in a case in point at the beginning of the present year (1890), when the Chilian government, although most anxious, both in the person of the President and of many of the leading men, to open and extend relations with the great sister republic of the North, nevertheless found it expedient to order *in England* some forty locomotives and some eight hundred cars to be built *on North-American patterns*. I am aware that the administration of the Chilian state railways is largely in the hands of English and Scotch men, who never neglect opportunities of favoring their respective countries when any contracts for rolling stock and material are to be given out; but it was not on account of such small considerations as these that the order referred to was given to England, but rather on account of the questions of freight, of want of adequate direct communications, and of imperfectly organized commercial relations which we have above touched upon.

In reply to the implicit arguments of the few facts just stated, it may, of course, be answered that it is useless to trouble about these countries, and that American trade, enterprise, and capital have enough to do at home. This may be true, although it is perfectly well known that American capital is accumulating so rapidly that remunerative home investments are becoming less common than they formerly were. As for American manufactures, there is undoubtedly a market for them in these South-American republics, provided they can be brought there at prices that will compare favorably with those of German and English goods.

In agricultural, milling, and mining machinery, and in all kinds of tools there is an immense business to be done. Already in agricultural machinery the United States share the market about equally with England, but that market is increasing rapidly, and might be increased still more rapidly by introducing more energetic business methods. Take, for instance, the great importing houses in Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso. In these establishments the chiefs, as in the old patriarchal days, sit at their desks and wait for customers, whom you will often see standing and waiting for their turn, and seeming to esteem it a favor to get goods in exchange for cash. This system is too good to last. There is a field here for the Yankee "drummer," only he must be a very smart "drummer," and he must speak Spanish, and be in all respects a first-class man. The "drummer" who cannot speak Spanish may as well stay at home, for if he goes out to the South-American republics he will be obliged to do all his business through existing import houses, and never be able to get into direct relations with the customer. And this is what is wanted. The import houses have their agents in the various provincial centres, but these agents have not either the time or the energy to "push" any particular article. They do not hunt up the customer, visit him on his farm, see his machinery at work, talk with him about modifications and improvements, submit to him new machines, and prove to him that it is to his interest to buy what they have to sell. In Brazil and in the Argentine, and in a less degree in Chili, there will be for many years to come a fine market for agricultural machinery; for these countries are as yet only in formation; all the processes of culture are more or less primitive. One of the very few really intelligent and thoroughly capable Yankee "drummers" whom I met in the Argentine, where he had obtained brilliant results for his firm of machine manufacturers, said to me: "The Argentines are forty years behind the States, and if they had not the finest soil the sun shines on, they would never be able to live, farming as they now do. Why, sir, they sow maize broadcast, and then simply loaf and suck *maté* until the time comes to take in a splendid crop, which they have never even looked at since they put the seed in the ground. With fine machinery farming in the Argentine would be nothing but pleasure. Take alfalfa, again, the great cattle fattener. In the Argentine the soil will give five crops a year for six years in succession. In Chili you can only raise three crops a year on most of the ground. Now on some of the large Argentine farms they use American cutters for this crop, but they are still slow and primitive in turning, drying, stacking, and binding. We have yet to teach them to buy and use our finer machinery, and then they will do a colossal business. But they are quick at taking up a new thing. You have only to put it before them."

The prospects of the sale of other American manufactured articles cannot yet be judged from actual results, the experiments being still on a small scale compared with what they might be, and the loyal or disloyal competition of the Germans being a terrible enemy. For instance, sewing-machines are greatly demanded; you often see a sewing-machine away up in the Sierras in an Indian or Cholo cane hut. Well, it appears that about eighty per cent. of the sewing-machines imported into South America are German, although they bear the Singer and other American marks. The Germans also counterfeit American agricultural machinery, and every product of nature and of art, from the coffee-berry up to a steam-engine. As for deleterious liquors bearing counterfeit labels, all of German origin, South America is inundated with them. In all the towns German fancy goods predominate in the shop windows, and are bought for the want of something better. I do not mean to say that the Argentines and Chilians are longing for artistic products, or that they are remarkable for good taste. On the contrary, they prefer that which is showy and apparently expensive. I am, however, convinced from a careful inspection of the shops in Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and Santiago that North-American general stores, brass-work, house-fittings, furniture, wall-paper, jewelry, and silver-work would sell readily. In all of these towns whenever any American furniture happens to be brought to auction it invariably sells at a premium. The Argentines and Chilians in particular are fond of ostentation and novelty; they are rich, and given to liberal expenditure; above all, they have great aptitude for imitation, and I believe that even chewing-gum would find a market if it were only "pushed" a little in the *confiterias* and candy stores, and "pushed" by the right man with reasonable maritime and financial facilities at his disposal.

The recent Pan-American Congress has awakened renewed interest in the Southern continent, and a certain number of enterprising "drummers" have visited the country. In the course of my wanderings I have met several, but few of them seemed either very capable of working this special Hispano-American ground, or very favorably impressed with the prospects of developing business, given the actual commercial relations between North and South America. As I have said before, those who go to South America to do business must speak the language. In the second place, they must be prepared to deal with people who are still a little slow in their methods and administration, and much hampered by the want of adequate ports, quays, and means of transporting goods rapidly and safely. The slowness of the administration is particularly noticeable in the port and custom-house service. The captains of the ports are slow in receiving ships and slow in clearing them, and waste much time in smoking cigarettes, sipping "copitas," talking politics, and swaggering to no purpose. The custom-house officials have similar defects. At the principal port of Chili, namely Valparaiso, the office hours of these gentlemen are from eight to four, and no cargo can be landed after three o'clock, because the last hour of the daily service is required for preparing to go away. The lightermen again are lazy, and can rarely be induced to work earlier than eight o'clock in the morning, or later than six at night for outgoing cargo. In the other ports of the Pacific the same slowness is found. A ship will arrive in port, and be at anchor at six o'clock in the evening; she may have electric lights all over the deck; she may be in a hurry, and anxious not to waste time and money lying idle in harbor; but this does not matter; she will not see a lighter moored alongside before eight or nine



THE LATE SENATOR JAMES B. BECK, OF KENTUCKY.
DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

o'clock the next morning. Finally, those who go to do business in South America must be prepared to find the English and Germans thoroughly conversant with the manners and wants of the natives, solidly established with their banks and steam-ship lines, their houses of long-standing reputation, their business connections with the old country, and their wide ramifications in the new one.

To return now to the President's message, we read as follows: "The present situation is such that travellers and merchandise find Liverpool often a necessary intermediate port between New York and some South-American capitals. The fact that some of the delegates from South-American states to the conference of American nations now in session at Washington reached our shores by crossing that line of travel is very conclusive of the need of such a conference, and very suggestive as to the first and most necessary step in the direction of fuller and more beneficial intercourse with nations that are our neighbors upon the lines of latitude, but not upon the lines of established commercial intercourse."

The question is how can this more beneficial intercourse be established. A line of steam-ships with a subvention from the United States will not suffice, even if, as is reasonable to hope, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Chili also subsidized the line. Peru, being poverty-stricken, is out of the question. These steam-ships would carry the mails, it is true, and would take to the South-American republics agricultural and other machinery, agricultural products, breadstuffs, lumber, manufactures, and some miscellaneous products, such being the articles in demand south of the equator. But what are these subsidized steam-ships to take back to the United States? Is it Peruvian silver? Is it Argentine wheat and hides? Is it copper from Chili? With the possible exception of the hides, this country does not need these products. Is it guano? This is a small item, and not so fashionable as it used to be. Is it petroleum from the new Peruvian wells at Talara to the north of Cabo Blanco? Evidently petroleum is not a product for mail-steamers to carry any more than guano would be. There remains, then, in the way of return cargo from the Pacific coast, Peruvian bark and medicinal plants, manganese from Coquimbo, nitrate and iodine from the north of Chili. But what from Valparaiso, what from Talcahuano, what from Valdivia, what from Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, so long as the existing tariff renders the exportation of wool almost impossible? On the homeward trip the ships would have to carry ballast until they reached the Brazilian ports, with their wealth of coffee, caoutchouc, and vegetable ivory.

In the preceding résumé I mention, of course, only the most obvious products which at present make the bulk of the cargoes loaded in the Pacific and Atlantic ports of South America, and at the same time I am only summing up the impressions gathered by inquiry amongst native and foreign residents in various parts of the Southern continent. Direct communication between New York and the South-American ports would be most desirable and most welcome to "our neighbors upon the lines of latitude," but these neighbors want to know what we are going to buy from them, and, above all, what our protective tariff will allow them to sell to us. The solution of the problem of establishing "beneficial intercourse" with the South-American republics is intimately connected with the vexed tariff question, about which it is not my business or intention to speak.

SENATOR BECK.

In the death of Senator James Burnie Beck Congress loses one of its most sincere, earnest, and intelligent members. Mr. Beck had been very ill for two years, and it had been generally known to all who were well acquainted with him that he would never again take an active part in public affairs. And yet with characteristic pertinacity he clung to the hope of recovery and refused to resign his seat in the Senate. Finally, on Saturday, May 3d, he fell dead in the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad as he was walking from the train in which he had just come from New York. He fell within a few feet of the spot where President Garfield was shot by Guiteau. It was the sudden ending of a long career, marked by much patient industry, by conscientiousness, and great usefulness.

Mr. Beck was born in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, February 13, 1822. His father having emigrated in 1825, the boy was left to the care of his grandmother, and was taught by a Scotch school-master. When he was sixteen years old Beck joined his father, who tried to make him a farmer. He sent him West with $500, but the young man had come under the influence of Kentucky lawyers and public men, and was determined to be a lawyer. Still he learned enough of the beauties of agriculture to remain fond of the soil to the end of his days. And in his old age he bought a ranch in the far West, on which his own son is settled and prospering. Mr. Beck settled at Lexington, Kentucky, then famous for its bar. Supporting himself by employment as the manager of a farm, he studied law in the evenings, and in 1846 obtained his degree from the Transylvania University. Very soon after his admission to the bar he formed a business connection with John C. Breckinridge, which eventually became a partnership that continued uninterruptedly until the breaking out of the civil war. He was known throughout Kentucky as a sound and industrious lawyer. In his early days he was a Whig, and a devoted admirer of Henry Clay, and he did not become a Democrat until the Know-nothing excitement in the fifties.

During the war he remained at home, giving himself up to his professional duties. His friend and partner had joined his fortunes to those of the South, but Mr Beck did not follow him. He had never yet taken an active part in politics. He was a lawyer, business man, and, Scotchman though he was, a thorough Kentuckian, a keen horseman and out-of-door sportsman, and a most delightful story-teller.

In 1862 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the State Senate, and in 1867 he was chosen, at a special election, to fill a vacancy existing in the old Ashland Congressional district. The quarrel between President Johnson and the Republicans in Congress was at its height, and Mr Beck was refused his seat on the alleged ground of disloyalty. In the following winter, however, he was admitted. He served eight years in the House of Representatives, and then declined a renomination.

He was out of public life not much more than a year, and in 1877 took his seat in the Senate, having been chosen as the successor of John W. Stevenson. When he died he was serving his third term.

In 1848 he married Miss Jane W. A. Thornton, of Loudoun County, Virginia, who was connected with the Washington family. Mrs. Beck died a few years ago. Two children were the fruit of their union, who survive. They are Mrs. Green Clay Goodloe, the wife of Major Goodloe, of the Marine Corps, and George Thornton Beck.

As a legislator Mr. Beck was a rugged, painstaking champion in the subjects in which he was especially interested. He never lost an opportunity to make a speech against the protective tariff or in favor of modifying our navigation laws. He was also an ardent silver man. Whenever he rose in the Senate, something was expected on one of these subjects, and hardly any matter came up for discussion that Mr. Beck was unable to make it an opportunity for the energetic display of his wonderful accumulation of facts and figures concerning the Treasury or the tariff policy of the country. He poured out his information in a torrent of words which came with such rapidity as to tax to the utmost the capacity of the best stenographer of the Senate. He was always pugnacious on the floor and in the discussions of the committee-room, and he invariably fought on the side of Democracy. To hear him speak on a subject in which he took great interest, one would have supposed that there could be no living with a man so intense and angry at opposition. But there never was a sweeter-tempered or more kindly man than Senator Beck. There were no politics in his friendships. He was one of those numerous living answers to Sydney Smith and Dr. Johnson—a witty Scotchman. He loved to have his friends about him, and his house in Washington was the resort of many men whose political principles the Senator was accustomed to denounce with a vigor that seemed to indicate a willingness to tear to pieces those who were guilty of holding them.

THE LAW.
"Hold on, my friend, don't shoot; I'm a judge."
"Waal, s'posin' ye are? Judges ain't no more 'count than de law is nowadays. Ye can't hang a feller, ye can't 'lectrify him, an' my lawyer kin appeal 's fast as you kin sentence. Shell out!"

"THE WIND'S WAY."

I whisper all day to the rushes,
I ruffle the smooth-flowing stream,
And borrow from cloud-land and sunlight
Their shadow and beam.

I hurry through grain field and forest,
O'er valley and high mountain chain;
Their saltness and sweetness I gather
From meadow and main.

The secrets I murmur are many,
As sadly or blithely I blow,
Yet what I reveal to the river
No mortal may know.

William H. Hayne.

THE CLANGOR OF AN ALARM-BELL
Close by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than do trifling noises the nervous invalid. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abnormal sensitiveness is succeeded by a tranquillity not to be disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a fertile cause of nerve weakness and unnatural mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence, but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. This medicine is also signally efficacious for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and bladder.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Blood, they say, is the life. Nicholson's Liquid Bread assimilates with the food, and makes good, pure blood, which is the source of health. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and druggists keep it.—[Adv.]

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine.—[Adv.]

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.—[Adv.]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[Adv.]

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[Adv.]

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A JOURNEY TO THE LAKES OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

BY LIEUTENANT VICTOR GIRAUD.—TRANSLATED BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

ONE of the most remarkable narratives of recent African exploration is that of Lieutenant Victor Giraud, just published at Paris, with upward of 160 superb engravings illustrating his journey to the great group of lakes in central South Africa. The journey was accomplished between 1883 and 1885, and the young French officer was but twenty-three years of age at the time of the undertaking. His special purpose was to explore Lake Bangouélo, or Bemba, in whose vast marshes the illustrious traveller Livingstone succumbed to fever and died. Lake Bangouélo lies almost exactly in the centre of the southern portion of Africa, between the 10th and 12th degrees of south latitude. Lieutenant Giraud not only explored it successfully, with the aid of a portable canoe which he brought with him over the mountains from Dar-es-Salam, but also several other little-known lakes and rivers,—including lakes Moéro and Tanganyika.

Apart from its geographical value, the work of Lieutenant Giraud forms one of the most interesting volumes ever written by any African traveller. He seldom theorizes or comments, but simply reflects his experiences in a straightforward narrative, written with that remarkable vividness and force which is characteristic rather of the best French writers than of any others. What he saw and felt would certainly have unnerved any traveller not possessing a will of iron and the most vigorous of constitutions. For months together he marched through regions made desolate by war and famine, through waste places strewn with skeletons,—relying for provisions almost wholly upon such game as he might chance to find; and he only accomplished the object of his journey after the most severe trials, including several revolts among his own men, and various attempts at spoliation of his little caravan by negro-kings. The pictures of African life which he draws are among the most painful ever written; but one feels they have been sketched with impartiality,—precisely as seen and felt,—and the general impression of the book has a unique power which gives it a place apart among narratives of equatorial travel. The following series of excerpts translated from its pages will serve to convey some idea of the character of the young Frenchman's journey and of his singular adventures.

BURNING A WITCH ALIVE.

Starting upon his journey from Dar-es-Salam December 17th, Lieutenant Giraud's first unpleasant acquaintance with negro customs began only two weeks later. Readers of African history and travel are doubtless familiar with the custom of immolating human victims on the death of a king in certain parts of the country; but at one of the first villages where Giraud stopped, every death was followed by the murder of some person charged with causing it by sorcery. He writes:—

"Zambué, where I passed my New-Year's Day (1883), is situated on the frontier line between Uzaramo and Kutu;—the cabins are closely grouped together, and surrounded by a quickset-hedge,—thick and impenetrable.

"For a New-Year's entertainment the chief of Zambué had reserved a surprise for me,—a truly savage and African surprise. At the moment we had begun to pitch camp, about two hundred yards away from the village, there came to my ears a horrible succession of war-cries, like the howlings of wild beasts; and almost simultaneously a band of maddened savages came toward us, dragging after them a wretched old woman—quite naked, and already half dead from the brutal treatment she had received. One furious scoundrel dragged her by the neck, with a noose made of a liana-stem which had been slipped about her throat. Whenever the victim fell from exhaustion, three or four men would catch the liana and tug all together,—pulling the miserable old creature over the briers and stones.

"With great difficulty I was able to obtain the information that the old woman was believed to be a witch, who had only the evening before caused the death of two men by her magical practices;—they were going to burn her alive. In the Uzaramo country every death is attributed to the effect of some secret poison, and is in consequence always followed by the murder of the person suspected by the *Mganda* of having administered it.

"Sickened by the spectacle, I advanced with my men to meet the band in the hope of preventing this atrocious execution; but, at the very moment we came close to the negroes, I saw the executioners brandish their axes over the victim's head in such a menacing way that I gave up the idea of going any further;—since the wretched woman was certain to be sacrificed in any event, I determined it was not to be under my very eyes.

"However, I thought I might be able to effect something by delaying the execution; and with that end in view I sent for the chief of the village, who soon made his appearance,—staggering, half drunk with *pombé*. But how find a nerve to stir in that idiotic head,—a sentiment to play upon? It was a useless effort. To my indignant protests he replied by sneering like a wild beast, and declared, as the King of Dahomey is said to have done upon a similar occasion:—'Your Sultan does what he pleases in his own country;—I do what I please in mine.'

"The executioners disappeared in the underbrush, still keeping up their yells and beating their infernal tamtam. The chief would only accord to me, as an extraordinary favor, the assurance that the old woman's throat should be cut before she was burned at the stake. But my own men, who went to see the execution, afterward told me that nothing of the kind was done.

"At nightfall the abominable idiot of a chief came to see me, carrying two chickens, which he offered me as a gift of reconciliation. In spite of his earnest pleadings, however, I refused to accept them,—which refusal is considered in Africa as a grave insult. He went off furious, muttering between his teeth:—'What is the matter with that *Msungu* [white man] that he should get angry about such a trifle? There was an *Inglesa* here last year who saw two executions like that without making any such fuss!'"

A SORCERESS DRAGGED TO THE STAKE.

CARRYING THE TRAVELLER'S BOAT OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

For hygienic reasons, Lieutenant Giraud followed the mountain route to the interior, for a distance of more than three degrees,—although this involved carrying his boat, built of steel, over abrupt heights varying from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea. It was to some extent a journey in the clouds, and accomplished in the middle of the rainy season, amid frightful storms. But the explorer calculated that as the journey to Lake Bangouélo, which is accessible only in the dry season, would require six months, he could only thus succeed in reaching it. His narrative of the mountain journey reveals the difficulties of the undertaking, even with a force of 150 picked men. On the 28th of January the real obstacles began.

—"We have reached at last," he records, "the true mountain region. It is like the Alps. Before us Mount Para-Uranga rises menacingly, to the great tribulation of my boat-carriers. A thunder-storm roars through the hills all the afternoon, with frightful crashings and deafening peals. Lightnings cross each other in every direction;—I count as many as fifty flashes per minute. Anywhere, except under my tent, it would be a grand and beautiful spectacle. . . .

—"The ascent of Para-Uranga on the 29th was a terrible effort, which brought us at once fifteen hundred metres (nearly 5000 feet) above the sea-level. Sweating and panting, my men took four hours to reach the summit,—having to aid themselves all the way by clinging to the bushes and roots on either side of the path. The boat did not reach the top before night; and I had frequently to send re-enforcements to help the boat-carriers.

—"Through a momentary rift in the cloud-mist we see beyond a huge crevasse to the east, a panorama of unsurpassable magnificence:—far off, the Uguru Mountains, whence issues the Kingani River; below our feet the vast marshes of the Makata; and, southwest, a sea-like billowing of low summits, rounded or peaked, with cloud-packs hovering above them as if hesitating just where to settle. From the sides of the mighty crevasse cascades white as snow fall leaping from projection to projection; and ravines open further down whence seething torrents rush to join the roaring stream below our halting-place.

"It is all so like the Alps that it seems an illusion:—all that is lacking is the sight of some thatched cottage in the distance, the bleating of a flock, and the tinkling of a bell.

"The spot on which we camp reminds me a little of the *Grand-Son* of our Dauphiny Alps—(minus the rhododendrons),—just the same naked soil, bristling with dense rocks,—the same icy temperature,—the same cloud-fog likewise, through which our tourists used to persist so obstinately in trying to observe a mountain sunrise.

—"Our march on the 30th brings us up to a height of 500 metres more—till we reach a narrow 'neck,' whence we descend again, by an almost perpendicular path, to 1200 metres, and into a marshy plateau.

"Then for a distance of two kilometres, the path, which is only just as wide as the foot of a man, is carried along the face of a precipitous cliff 300 metres high. In my present condition of weakness I am naturally seized with vertigo; and twice I am obliged to lie flat down in order to save myself from yielding to giddiness. My Zanzibarites, as adroit in the mountains as they are strong in the plain, are quite insensible to all feelings of dizziness, and move on confidently until we reach a long flat slippery rock,—sloping out at an angle of between 60 and 70 degrees, which completely bars our way.

"It takes more than an hour to get the five sections of my boat around this obstacle;—I see them, one by one, fastened to ropes which my head-men attach to the trunks of neighboring trees; while others of my men, lying upon the rock, lower each section cautiously at the risk of being pulled over the precipice themselves if the ropes should happen to slip. I superintend this labor of giants from below with much anxiety; for the least carelessness might ruin in an instant all the hopes I have founded upon that frail skiff. But all ends well."

CRAZY TERROR INSPIRED BY A LION.

The numerical strength of the explorer's force did not suffice to conjure away the peril of wild beasts; and several extraordinary cases of attack by lions and panthers were among its adventures. At one halting-place a panther entered the camp several nights in succession, killing and wounding; at another, a lion actually tried to force his way into the huts. This adventure is thus recounted:

. . . "The village in which we encamp is at least quite as miserable a place as that of yesterday—where we made our first halt after leaving the Condé country. During the previous five days a lion had been making frightful ravages in this little community. This last night also a wretched woman was seized within her own hut, and devoured by the animal only a few paces off—in the high grass. Her mutilated corpse is a horror: there remain only the head and one leg.

"To build a *boma* (fortified camp) after such a day's marching was of course impossible: I installed myself as well as I could with the greater number of my men, leaving the rest to shelter themselves in the abandoned huts. In order to protect these huts, the natives had surrounded them with a heap of thorny brambles, piled so high as to cover the roofs themselves.

. . . "About one o'clock in the morning I was just dropping off to sleep, under the *zee-zee* of the mosquitoes, when an ominous crackling sound woke me out of my doze with a start. Nearly one hundred yards away I saw a hut all in flames. Cries of distress issued from within it:—'Fire! fire! . . . the lion! the lion! . . . bring your rifles!'

"We all ran there. The flames, seizing the brambles, were leaping twenty-five or thirty feet in the air. The hut was an immense furnace; and the roof was already burning.

"To our wild outcries the two poor stifling wretches within only replied by moans and groans.

"'Are you going to stay in there to be burned alive?' shouted Ferrouji—'jump through the fire!'

"Finally, just a moment or two before the roof fell in,

we saw them rush out of the furnace, leaping like two demons, with their guns in their hands, and come tumbling down at our feet.

"Fear had paralyzed them to such an extent that it was more than ten minutes before they could recover themselves sufficiently to tell us what had happened. Then they said that the lion had come to their hut and had shaken the door nearly off of its hinges;—he had actually jumped against it with all his force three different times. In the darkness they were unable to use their rifles;—then it occurred to the foolish wretches to set fire to the thorny bushes heaped round the hut by throwing burning logs outside.

—"'Why could you not cry out for help?' I asked.

—"'Ah, master! we could not even find strength to speak!'

"As for the lion, the fresh prints of his feet which we saw before the door of the hut by the light of the fire prevented any doubt as to the truth of the story. The natives told us that the lion often besieges their huts in this way; and the manner in which they surround their dwellings with thorny bushes and briers is a strong proof of the fact.

—"Although the lion is very widely distributed over the country, he does not, as a general rule, prove at all really dangerous to any caravan under the leadership of men who know what precautions to adopt. He is often timid enough—never attacking any but solitary persons alone in the bush, and even then springing upon them from behind. But when he has once tasted human flesh, his audacity becomes absolute madness. He then enters fearlessly into the most thickly peopled villages by night, boldly attacks whoever he may meet, and most commonly ends his career by getting himself shot to pieces at the very muzzles of the guns of the villagers while they are crazed with terror. When he has selected any particular village for attack, he will persistently prey upon its habitants for months at a time; and it very often happens that the entire miserable population have to desert the place and transport their penates elsewhere to escape his sudden and frightful attacks. The animal's fear of water happily aids in preventing his migrations. One often sees on one side of a little stream, not more than three yards across, a whole terror-stricken population immuring themselves in their houses immediately after darkness begins; while on the other side of the stream the natives go to sleep comfortably and confidently, lying out in the open air."

LIFE IN THE CAPITAL OF UEMBA.

The most kindly and intelligent of the negro-kings encountered by Lieutenant Giraud was Kétimkuru of Uemba. He remained the guest and friend of this monarch for a considerable time, and enjoyed a security which he found nowhere else during his travels. He tells us some very interesting facts regarding the King of Uemba, his capital, his people, and their customs. Nevertheless, from the following extracts the reader can judge that if the social condition in Kétimkuru's dominion was relatively superior, that of other places must have been more than extraordinary.

. . . "At the beginning of his reign," writes Lieutenant Giraud, "Kétimkuru, in order to establish his authority, was obliged to show himself excessively severe; but at the time of my visit his prestige was so firmly established that he found it unnecessary to affirm it by any extraordinary repressive measures. The number of mutilated persons in his dominions is nevertheless considerable,—not only in his own capital, but all through Uemba. I am astounded by the facility with which all these frightful wounds are healed; I do not remember a single case of suppuration;—and the fact must be due as much to the extraordinary vitality of the natives as to the low temperature of this plateau, continually swept by the cool breezes of the southeast.

"The second time I crossed the threshold of the *boma* my men called my attention to something hanging to a high pole overhead,—*a pair of eyes*, and a pair of still bloody human ears which had been cut off only the evening before. The eyes are taken out by simply introducing the finger into the orbit. When a person is condemned to lose the fingers of his hand, it is considered a great favor to spare the thumb. It is a cruel punishment enough in central Africa to be obliged to carry one's lance between the thumb and the stump of the mutilated hand;—but what can be said of the miserable lot of those who are rendered blind?

. . . "With the first shadows of evening it begins to get cool, and everybody retires,—leaving the street free to the hyenas, which swarm throughout the environs. Their audacity is absolutely marvellous. By ten o'clock there is always a tremendous concert of their cries in the village—*oo-ee-ee*—sometimes only a few yards away from our hut. Then, about midnight, almost every night, the tremendous hoarse vibrant voice of a lion sounds from the opposite bank of the river. Then every other sound instantly ceases—even the croaking of the frogs in the marshes,—even the chirping of the crickets in the huts.

"For a whole month that very lion has been making frightful ravages among the population. Aley has lost six of his men;—Kétimkuru no less than twenty-one of his subjects, mostly women or slaves, who had been seized from behind by the animal while they were at work in the underbrush,—and this in broad daylight, sometimes only five hundred yards away from the village! I saw one wounded man who had been able to escape by flight; but he had left part of one hand in the lion's mouth. The fingers had been as cleanly severed as if they were cut with a razor.

"Kétimkuru insisted that I should set a trap for the lion;—he would send two hundred men with me to construct it. I would have been only too glad to please him in this matter; but one day he told me that he was going to put one of his wives into the trap *for a bait!* I therefore reconsidered my decision, feeling sure that he would otherwise carry his project into execution as soon as I had left the country.

—"The justice of Kétimkuru is altogether African, and never extends beyond the limits of his *boma*. He very seldom inflicts the death penalty, except in the case of prisoners of war. As for robbery and murder, he never deigns to occupy himself with such matters. The person robbed has always the right to assemble his relatives and fall upon the robber. The murdered man has no avenger except the friend who is willing to take it upon himself to avenge him. . . .

"The real glory of Kétimkuru was that of having united all Uemba under one central government;—it had previously been divided into petty states, continually at war with each other. . . . Unfortunately he had no son capable of succeeding him,—and his death must plunge this whole country again into the wildest anarchy. . . .

—"Yet altogether the memory of this really good-hearted man,—the only man of his kind whom I met during my two years' journey, often returned to me. It was not without a sinking of the heart that I heard, three months later, not only of his death, but also the news that I was charged in the Uemba country with having brought about that death by sorcery."

REACHING LAKE BANGOUÉLO.

The traveller reached the lake in July, bade farewell to the caravan accompanying him, and with a few chosen men launched his boat upon those unknown waters. His recital of the approach to the lake, and his account of what he saw during the last week of the march there, are graphic to the degree of creating a singular impression of ghastliness and desolation:—

TRANSPORTATION OF A CANOE IN SECTIONS.

. . . "The village of Combo-Combo leaves with me a souvenir of this obscure African region which will never be effaced,—a souvenir of unparalleled sadness. The inhabitants seem to have lost all resemblance to human beings: their ferocious faces and suspicious stare give them the aspect of wild beasts. Totally isolated to the number of fifty in this solitary *boma*, they would appear to be even upon their guard against each other;—they live upon the alert, like a troupe of gazelles. From the summit of a lofty ant-hill which dominates their huts they pass all their days in watching the horizon. By daylight a dead silence prevails—rarely broken by the hollow cough of the smokers of hemp, or the hammer of some weaver of bark textures. The tamtams, stoven in and covered with dirt, lie forgotten in a corner.

"All night long the voices of the blind eunuchs make answer to the howlings of the beasts of prey, the barking of the wild dogs, the yelping of the foxes. Like children, they think to conjure away, by making noise, the vague terror which oppresses them, but they only succeed in augmenting their lugubrious fear.

—"I will only be able to recall the last halt of the three days' journey to Lake Bangouélo. We journey all the morning until ten o'clock over a dried-up marsh which extends out of sight beyond the southern horizon. Here and there clumps of trees, scattered over those undulations which remain always above the floods, thicken ten miles away into a low bluish-green line which one might mistake for a mangrove swamp. The pathway, broken up by the elephants, and the torrid sun, make our march one prolonged torture.

"Turning back at last in order to encourage my boat-carriers, I find them lying down, one after the other, beside their sections,—gasping, agonizing. Not one grain of flour,—not one atom of dried meat.

"Further on, as we enter a thicket, a herd of elephants take flight;—but I miss them with two shots. About noon we encamp on a little elevation about twenty-five yards square,—after having waded one whole hour through a swamp which is full of leeches, as all these swamps are, and which seems to terminate southward before us in a high long line of thickly growing marsh reeds. To right and left behind us the blazing plain we have traversed shows scattered dark specks here and there:—a little band of elephants wandering in Indian file,—a solitary buffalo. Close to us *cobas*, motionless, are staring at us;—above our heads wild-geese, wild-ducks, and snipe fly about sportively.

"Then the guide declares that we have lost our way. After we have refreshed his memory with our ramrods, he assures us that we are really at the lake itself, and that he can show us a good place whence to launch our boat. So we are already in the basin of the lake without being able to see its waters! There can be no doubt whatever that clear horizon in the south is reflecting the light of some vast sheet of water;—but how deep is that wilderness of marsh reeds separating it from us? That is the all-important question.

"Soundings in the south gave three feet of water at a distance of 500 metres from our camp. About one o'clock we actually see a pirogue in that direction. It seemed to glide like a black speck over the prairie,—for the marsh has all the aspect of a prairie: it stops a moment,—probably because those in it have seen our camp-fire; then it enters the high reeds, and is lost to view. There is no time to be lost;—my men at once set to work to put the sections of the boat together. . . .

—"At ten o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth everything was ready and every man at his post. For some time the boat-carriers pushed us over the slime, as a sledge might be pushed over ice;—then, as we found ourselves fairly afloat, the adieux began. . . .

—"At mid-day, half sliding, half floating over this submerged prairie, we reached the wall of marsh reeds, sixteen feet high above the water,—dense, impenetrable, and extending infinitely away from northeast to southeast. It proved to be only about twenty yards in breadth; yet it took us more than an hour to force our way through it.

—"'*Bahari!*' (open water!) cried Wadi-Munié from the bow. One more effort,—and the free flood of the lake appeared at last. We were afloat on the Bangouélo.

"If I felt particularly embarrassed at any period of my voyage, it was certainly at that moment. North, east, and south, to the very horizon, the marsh reeds towered like an impassable dike: west, the vast stretch of water extended like a sea-line,—broken only by two or three far-off columns of mysterious smoke;—nowhere a trace of land; nothing but sun, water, and high reeds." . . .

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE AT MÉRÉ-MÉRÉ'S VILLAGE.

The explorer found several inhabited islands in the lake, but everywhere hunger, fear, and savagery among the inhabitants. They lived, on the whole, a far more miserable life than the wild beasts of the country, and showed superiority to animals only in the extreme cunning with which they concealed their habitations from view. Giraud traversed the lake southwardly, entered a river below it, full of cataracts, and then advanced northward to meet, if possible, the rest of his men. He waited for them at Mirambo, southwest of Lake Bangouélo, and suffered considerable ill treatment at the hands of the chief of that place, Méré-Méré, of whose settlement he gives a curious account;—(chap. xvii.):—

. . . "The chief Méré-Méré leads quite an active life. At the first rays of sunrise, I can hear his shrill voice arousing the sleeping population, who dread the morning chill with good reason. He goes from one hut to another with his cane in his hand, and beats unmercifully whoever shows a disinclination to go to the fields. By seven o'clock the village is almost deserted. Then he goes off himself, accompanied with an escort of armed boys, to superintend the work, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. About three o'clock he returns from the fields, and soon after that hour I think he is always under the influence of *pombé*.

"His projects of culture are vast as the world. By whatever gate you leave the village, you can walk straight forward for a whole hour through the clearings, 100 to 150 yards in width, made through the woods and underbrush; and I keep asking myself how and where he is going to find seed enough to plant such immense extents of land.

"The women do not suffice for the work desired; and he has therefore taken it into his head to make requisitions on the smaller neighboring villages, which are each in turn obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the work. Furthermore, each of these men must bring with him a certain quantity of maize; and it is by means of this weekly tribute that Méré-Méré himself manages to live in this time of famine. . . .

—"The African mind loves exaggerations,—and its eccentricities do not always stop short of exaggeration alone. Méré-Méré came to see me one day very unexpectedly, with his face all lighted up: he informed me he had just learned that one of my brothers, a White Man, was descending the river upon a boat made of stone;—he had two pairs of eyes—one pair in front, another at the back of his head,—and a monstrous gun. . . .

. . . "One evening I tried to make Méré-Méré talk about a future life, and a God better than his own. He listened to me for a few minutes and then took his departure hastily,

after informing me that he desired me hereafter always to notify him when I felt inclined to talk about such things,—so that he should not have to trouble himself in coming to see me....

—"15th Sept. The remains of a young elephant, which was found dead three days ago, have just been carried into the village. Méré-Méré was able to maintain order for a few moments; but as soon as he had taken his own lion's share of the carcass, the division of the quarry began with a savagery impossible to describe. The dogs themselves took a share in the scene: and during the ignoble contest which followed, I do not know whether the men or the dogs were the more ferocious and bestial. This flesh exhales a sickening odor, and the whole village will be infected by the stench for a long time to come....

"From morning till night the children are busy hunting among the trees for crickets. They pull off the wings of the insects, and roast the bodies for food. This evening they come about my table and dispute with the dogs for the bones;—I cannot imagine what they can get from those bones.

—"18th Sept. A woman has just died;—two men have taken her up, one seizing her by the arms, the other by the legs,—and are going to throw her into the underbrush on the other side of the marsh. Only the chiefs have the right of burial.

"I heard that the poor creature had died in consequence of brutal treatment; and I questioned Méré-Méré about the matter. He told me in effect that he had ordered her to be severely beaten because her conduct had been immoral. Almost at the same moment some of the village people came in with the announcement that the remains of a dead lion had been found in the neighborhood; and forthwith the public criers rushed into the streets shouting at the top of their voices:—

—"'How explain the death of a lion killed by a base hyena? Who does not see that this extraordinary thing has happened as a warning to you women to remain faithful to your husbands? Tremble, guilty ones, or you will all die like your sister died to-day!'

—"19th Sept. It turns out after all that the alleged dead lion was only a dead hyena,—which fact greatly embarrasses not only the public criers, but also Méré-Méré, by whose orders they had been acting. Furiously angry, Méré-Méré has banished from the village all those who brought in the marvellous news of yesterday."

"WE SAW THEM COME OUT OF THE BURNING BRUSH LIKE TWO DEMONS."

RUN OVER BY A HERD OF WILD BUFFALOES.

Lieutenant Giraud found his way to Lake Moëro in November, and one of the party had the following strange adventure:—

. . . "About nine o'clock on the 11th of November we came in sight of a magnificent lake, the existence of which had been concealed from us by the natives. The two banks, separated by a distance of 1500 to 2000 metres, enabled me to surmise from their elevation that the depth of this basin was from thirty to forty metres. The pathway skirted the southern bank under high woods of superb appearance. For a distance of three kilometres we still had the lake at our feet: then the hill suddenly sloped down into a dry plain covered with the *Acacia horrida*, and traversed by a river which, after feeding the lake, ran southwest—probably to join the Moëro.

"From the ridge we caught sight of the finest herd of buffaloes I had ever seen. There were more than a hundred and fifty of them, dispersed over a comparatively small space of ground,—all grazing on the thin grass bordering the river. When I came in sight of them, Hassani had already alarmed the herd, which began to flee slowly to windward,—heads lowered and ears pricked up. I ordered Terrouji to run to the right of the retreating animals, and do whatever he could to turn them back in our direction. But, like an overgrown child, he could not resist the temptation to use his big rifle when within 200 yards of them; and the herd at once massed together, and rushed toward us as if impelled by some occult force,—looking much more formidable of aspect than before.

"I can still see that maddened mass of animals rushing upon us over the long dry plain and under the fierce sun at a charge-gallop. The greater number were of a dark brown color; the robe of some a dull tawny hue. But the pressure of all those heavy bodies was such that the young ones, in order to breathe, were forced to leap on the backs of their comrades, whence they rolled pell-mell down again.

"Kamna was a hundred yards in advance of us. We had only time to warn him by a shout. He flung himself on the ground, face downward; and the entire herd passed over him.

"Hassani, icily calm as usual, was kneeling down at my left; five or six of the other men were in line on my right.

—"'This is the first time,' Hassani said, 'that I ever saw a herd turn against the wind. The old bulls are angry; we may expect the worst.'

"The charge was at us. When the buffaloes came within twenty yards we all rose up together; and ten rifle-shots rang out simultaneously. Surprised by this fusillade, the front of the herd came to a sudden halt; but the rear, unable to check its rush, pressed forward on the right. Then the panic resulted in a wheeling movement which brought some of the animals within five or six yards of us.

"A moment later all were in full flight again; and all galloped over poor Kamna a second time, and disappeared in the distance. Our first movement was to run to the unfortunate cook, whom I expected to find with every bone in his body broken. To my utter astonishment he got up of his own accord, shook himself, felt himself all over from head to feet, and finally exclaimed:

—"'*Bah! they only struck my head!*'

"I knew the nature of the head in question; and that was enough to set my mind at rest.

"As for the buffaloes, I may observe that during the brief moment while the herd was wheeling, Hassani and I were able to fire six shots with our rifles almost touching the bodies of the animals. Without boasting, I can therefore affirm that every shot told; but nevertheless only one animal remained behind the herd."

PICTURES OF FAMINE.

During the journey northeast from Lake Moëro to Tanganyika the expedition traversed scenes of misery and horror exceeding even those previously witnessed. The country had been ravaged by war, and the people were trying to live upon boiled leaves. Sometimes, on reaching a village to which they were directed, the travellers found only skeletons. The following are but a few extracts from a long and very pitiful narrative:—

. . . "Of the six day's journey to Lake Tanganyika there remain to me only the memories of a cruel and incessant hunger, interminable high woods, and little villages peopled by walking skeletons, who had not even strength to utter a war-cry, and who threw themselves on their knees before me to beg for a few strips of dried meat.

"On the 14th of November we camped at one of these villages; and for the first time I had the pleasure to hear people speak of Tanganyika, the goal of all my efforts, with a certitude of detail which convinced me of the lake's existence,—for I had myself almost begun to doubt it.

"The inhabitants, who had all fled at our approach, returned at two o'clock under the leadership of their chief,—a tall fellow who tried to put on swaggering airs in the vain effort to hide the terror with which my coming had inspired him.

—"'Here is all that I possess,' he said, laying at my feet a chicken and a solitary leaf of tobacco. 'I have travelled; I have been to Tanganyika.' (He spoke of it as a far-away country, full of marvels of all sorts.) 'I saw white men there; and I know they do not eat the blacks,—so I come to you with confidence.'

"I gave him a box of caps and ten charges of powder.

"Two of the six women remaining in the village had been rendered insane by hunger. At sunset one of them approached my bed, which had been placed in the open air; and even now I can still see that long naked figure, transparently thin,—that emaciated face laughing with a weird disdainful laugh.

—"'Great Msungu,' that laugh seemed to say, 'every one here trembles before you; but I defy you. One who has reached the condition in which I am fears nothing, and I can mock your power.'

"My men wanted to take her away,—so ghastly the impression caused by her apparition. But the moment their hands touched her she sank down. I tried to make her swallow some tea; but she had reached that stage of suffering at which it is impossible even to swallow fluid.

"What we saw next day was still worse. As none of the natives were strong enough to march with us, we began to wander again at random along the elephants' tracks. In one of these we found another living skeleton lying at full length,—fully fifty kilometres away from any human habitation.

—"'What do you live upon in this *puri* (jungle)?' I asked.

"He pointed to a basket of mushrooms overturned beside him, and fell back motionless. I felt his temples and his pulse: he was dead. I had him carried into a neighboring thicket, and we resumed our march; for if we had undertaken to bury all the corpses we found, I should be still at work doing it.

. . . "In regard to provisions, we heard the same reply everywhere. At Iendué the chief said: 'Do you not know, Msungu, that two months ago Kabunda came and pillaged everything? Our wives and children were carried away as slaves. We have not a single yam; . . . we must go for our seeds to Milo, five days' journey north; and even there we can only get seeds by selling our own brothers.'

IN THE GREAT CANE BRAKE. "THE LAKE!" CRIED WADI-MUNIÉ, FROM THE BOW.